

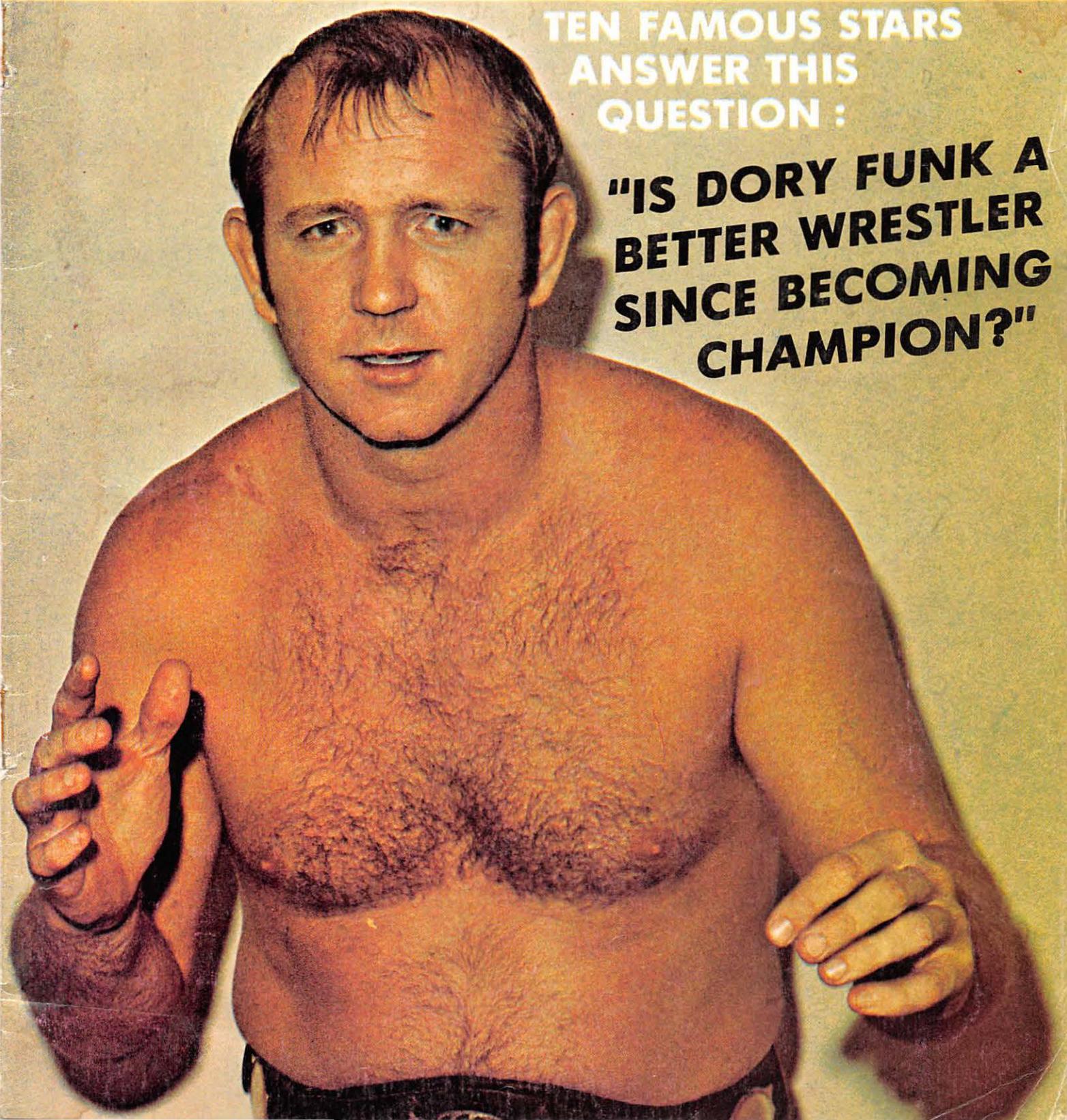
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SINCE BECOMING
CHAMPION?"



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THE WRESTLER

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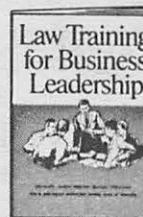


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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!

By Bill Apter

EAST COAST FANS were absolutely stunned when "good guy" Freddie Blassie almost killed popular Mike Pappas. Blassie was his old self as he choked and kicked the "Flying Greek" time after time. The ultimate was reached when Blassie sank his razor-sharp teeth into Mike's forehead until Pappas was bathing in his own blood!

After pinning Pappas, Freddie still refused to stop. He rammed knee drop after knee drop onto his victim until Mike was unconscious. And before leaving the ring, Freddie walked over to Pappas' limp body, laughed, and spat on it! We managed to collar him when he returned to the dressing room.

"Fred, we had heard you turned over a new leaf and had become a good guy," we said. "What happened?"

"Don't ever call me a good guy!" Freddie roared. "All these pencil-necked geeks in the East think I've become a softie because they saw in your magazine I had teamed up with guys like Mil Mascaras."

"But we heard fans loved you so much they even made you honorary student body president of four Los Angeles high schools," we added.

"Sure!" Blassie roared. "But that didn't make me a clean wrestler. I wanted to wipe up the other so-called villains and the fans were so happy to have someone who could do the job they didn't care how it got done. I've never changed my style and don't intend to. Freddie Blassie wrestles only one way—to win!"

Blassie has come east hoping to get a shot at Pedro Morales' World Wide Wrestling Federation championship. After seeing what happened to Pappas—we'd advise Pedro to be very careful if Blassie ever gets that shot.

And speaking of Blassie, guess

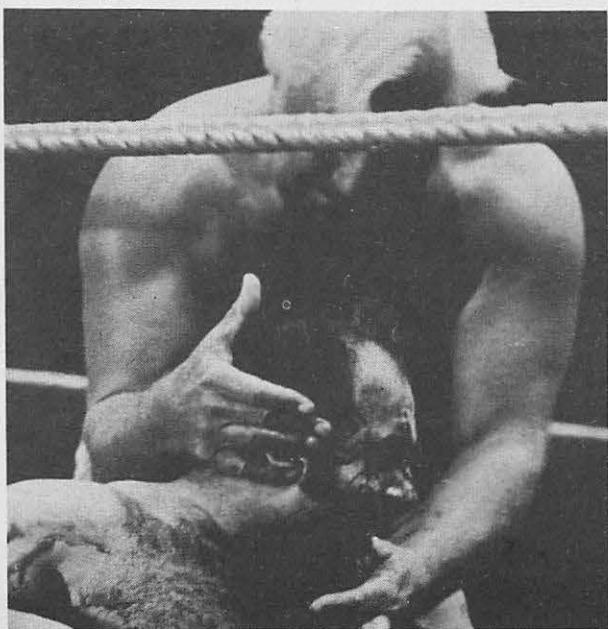
which one of Freddie's sworn enemies has taken to wearing a mask? If you guessed John Tolos, you're right. And John refuses to tell anyone why he did... Rocky "Soul Man" Johnson has left California and is an absolute sensation in the Detroit area... Rene Goulet and Karl Gotch have joined forces and are a team to contend with... Nikita Mulkovich and his Masked Russians are quickly becoming one of the most feared teams in the world... Tiger Jeet Singh is claiming the U.S. championship... Don't invite Gorilla Monsoon and Stan "The Man" Stasiak to the same dressing room. Chances are it won't be standing when they finish trying to embalm each other... Louis Martinez and Chief White Owl are patiently waiting for a world's tag-team title shot. They deserve it... Big Ernie Ladd came within one second of defeating Dory Funk Jr. for the N.W.A. world championship. Dory is understandably reluctant about giving the former football star another crack at it.

Dirty Dick Murdoch challenged Florida sensation Ronnie Fuller to a "Texas Death Match"—and was stunned when Fuller agreed. He didn't think he would.

"That runny-nosed punk kid doesn't have any idea of what he's letting himself in for," Dirty Dick declared with a gleam in his eye. "In a Texas Death Match anything goes. The dirtier you wrestle the better off you are. And I aim to wrestle dirtier than ever before. When I'm through with him he's going to wonder what possessed his pea-sized brain to let him agree to get into the ring with me—Dirty Dick Murdoch—the Texas Death Match king!"

But Fuller is awaiting the bout as anxiously as Murdoch.

"I know what I'm in for," Ron
(Continued on page 8)



Fred Blassie shocked east coast fans by brutalizing blood-soaked Mike Pappas. When our reporter, in a post bout interview, asked Freddie why the turnaround in tactics after it had been reported that he had become a good guy, the famous blond roared, "Don't ever call me a good guy again!"

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ARE you "fed up" with seeing the huskies walk off with the best of everything? Sick and tired of being soft, frail, skinny or flabby — only HALF ALIVE? I know just how you feel. Because I myself was once a puny 97-pound "runt." And I was so ashamed of my scrawny frame that I dreaded being seen in a swim suit.

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HERE'S WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY

(Continued from Page 6)

told us. "But I believe a scientific wrestler like me can beat a barroom brawler like Murdoch under *any* conditions and I hope to prove just that!"

Bobby Duncum won that tournament to determine a new Southern States Champion. And since winning the crown, Bobby has been ducking no one—no one, that is, except Jack Brisco... Bruno Sammartino is off on a good-will tour of Japan. While there, he'll try to visit U.S. servicemen in the far east... Another wrestler heading for the far east is Chuck Richards, who's planning an extended tour of the Orient... Florida wrestling expert J. Ralph Hogan insists Mr. Wrestling is really Verne Gagne!... Bill Dromo and Bob Armstrong are anxious to get their hands on a Rocket and a Flash—otherwise known as the Monroe Brothers... Louie Tillet returned to Georgia and his fans were on hand to give him a hearty "welcome back".... Beautiful Bobby is wrestling around Tennessee... West Texas fans have been treated to a steady stream of European wrestlers such as Eric Froehlich and Lord Al Hayes. But the one they're nuts about is English Billy Robinson... J.C. Dykes, manager of the Infernos, is joining his masked men in six-man tag-team bouts. When word gets out a lot of wrestlers will be trying to get into those matches and settle a few scores with Dykes.

"What kind of match do you hate the most?" That's the question our staff asked wrestlers around the country this month. Here are their revealing answers:

WILBUR SNYDER: "Cage matches are my pet peeve. After pinning your opponent you have to climb to the top of the cage and then jump out. That's dangerous. You can slice your body open on that thick wire."

TARZAN TYLER: "I hate clean matches. Wrestling is a rough sport—a man's sport—and anything goes. Two clean wrestlers in the same ring make me sick!"

PEDRO MORALES: "I hate Texas Death Matches. They take the sport out of wrestling. In that kind of match opponents try to

France's idolized Ed Carpentier strains his fabulous muscles as he exerts maximum pressure behind a leglock. Carpentier has recently perfected the dreaded Sleeper Hold, as famed St. Louis promoter Sam Muchnik learned—the hard way!

cripple each other, not just defeat each other."

BLACKJACK MULLIGAN: "I despise Battle Royals. Since I'm usually the biggest guy in the ring, all the other wrestlers gang up on me and try to eliminate me first!"

KILLER KOWALSKI: "I hate any match I'm not in. If I'm not wrestling—the match has to be a deadly bore!"

LARS ANDERSON: "I hate one-fall matches. Two out of three falls gives me more time to torture my opponents."

BOBBY SHANE: "I hate girls' matches. I hate 'em because I'm not in there grappling with 'em."

Philadelphia hosted the first 20-man Battle Royal in its history and contestants for the \$10,000 grand prize included Stan Stasiak, Tarzan Tyler, Jim Valiant, Karl Gotch, Rene Goulet and Victor Rivera, among others. Who won? Tarzan Tyler! And you won't believe how he did it!

After all the wrestlers but Tyler, Rene Goulet and the Black Demon were eliminated, Tyler, making sure Goulet and the Demon weren't looking, sneaked out through the ropes and hid under the ring! Goulet dumped the Demon over the top rope and thought he was the winner—when out from under the ring crept Tarzan. He attacked Rene when the Frenchman's back was turned, threw him over the top rope, and was declared the winner. Now Goulet is demanding a bout with Tyler in which each wrestler puts up \$10,000. "I want to get my money back," Rene says.

The Destroyer has returned to California after a very long ab-



sence. But before arriving he asked promoter Mike LeBell to inform all wrestlers that "I'll give \$1,000 to any jerk who can break my Figure-4-Leglock." The Destroyer claims his leglock is the most punishing hold in wrestling.

Pepper Gomez put St. Louis promoter Sam Muchnik to sleep with his Sleeper hold—but don't worry—it was only an experiment. "Besides," laughed Muchnik, "I'm too old to be wrestling Gomez or anybody else, for that matter."

What happened was that Paul DeMarco refused to put his U.S. crown on the line against Pepper, claiming Gomez' Sleeper is really a choke hold.

Gomez declared he never used a choke on anybody in his life, any time. To prove his point, Pepper flew to N.W.A. headquarters in St. Louis and asked Muchnik to be the guinea pig. Sam agreed and Pepper clamped the Sleeper on.

When he got up, Muchnik confirmed that while he wasn't too happy about being put to sleep, the hold definitely was not a choke and he ordered DeMarco to defend his title against Gomez or have it declared vacant!

Bobby Heenan is telling everyone his Blackjacks—Lanza and Mulligan—will be world tag-team champions within a few weeks... Jim Valiant may split with the Grand Wizard. Handsome Jim is sick of being booed... Edouard Carpentier is back in Canada... Killer Brooks is raising all sorts of terror in the east... The Mongols are reunited and—get this—they're wrestling clean!

And that's what's happening, baby! □



Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

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During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

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Answer: People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence—handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question: What do you mean by a "command of good English"?

Answer: A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly

and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question: Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?

Answer: Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

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The man in the black robe with the skeleton's face is timekeeper Jack Smith. You'll have to figure out the others for yourself. And the first 20 readers who correctly identify all six wrestlers will win a year's free subscription!

So get cracking. Send your answers, and please label them top left, top middle, top right, bottom left, bottom middle and bottom right, to Contest Editor, c/o THE WRESTLER, Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571. We'll publish the identities in a future issue. □

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Vivian Vachon



Luke Graham

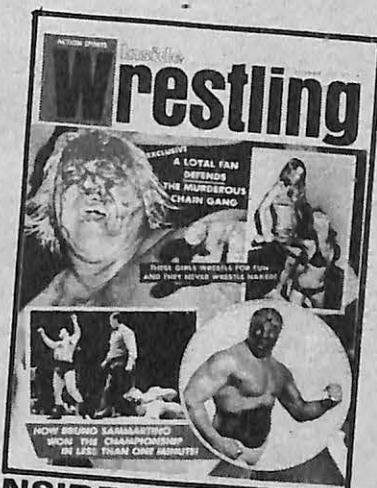
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DOES ANYBODY OUT THERE WANT



Ivan Kalminkoo is not just a manager—he's also a chaperone. And until the day he finally gets Mighty Igor married off, Ivan will remain a very unhappy man.

Igor assumes his masculine pose. "Maybe if the girls see my muscles one of them will want to marry me," Igor declared. His manager wants to marry him off.

DOES ANYBODY OUT there want to marry a 5-9, 280-pound Polish pussycat who doesn't speak a word of English? If so, Ivan Kalmikoff, manager of the Mighty Igor, would love to talk to you.

"I've got to get him married off," Ivan said, sounding very much like a frightened mother afraid her child will never marry. "His social life is killing me."

You would think that one of the world's most popular wrestlers would have little trouble finding a wife. That's what you would think. But according to Kalmikoff, the opposite is true.

"Igor wants to get married. He wants to get married to a nice American girl, preferably of Polish ancestry. But Igor does not speak a single word of English. And because of this language problem, I have to tag along whenever he dates an American girl. I serve as his interpreter. And to tell the truth—the job is getting dangerous!"

The incident Ivan refers to he considers typical. He was chaperoning Igor on a date with an American girl and... well... let's let him tell it.

"We went to this dimly lit Chinese restaurant in Toronto," Kalmikoff remembers, "and I was sitting next to Igor and the girl was sitting directly across from us. Igor always likes to look at the girl he's dating.

"Anyway, we're not there five minutes yet and Igor tells me to tell her she's very beautiful. So I tell her and she smiles. Somewhere between the wonton soup and the egg rolls he

TO MARRY IGOR?



"Is that what she thinks I look like?" questions Igor, examining sketch drawn by fan (left). Right: He asks Bull Pometti's opinion.

tried to tell Igor he was moving too fast, but he wouldn't listen. It happens every time!"

Exactly what kind of girl does Mighty Igor want to marry?

Kalmikoff asked Igor and, as his face lit up in a smile, he replied in Polish.

"First of all, she's got to know how to cook up a great dish of kielbasy," Igor told us through Kalmikoff. "An absolute must is that she love the outdoors, walking through the woods, going camping, that sort of thing. She doesn't have to be a real beauty. As a matter of fact, I'd rather have a plain looking girl with a great personality than a beautiful girl with everything but a good personality. The final thing is she must have a good sense of humor. This is very important to me. I love a girl who can tell a good joke, and who can take one too. I'm the type of guy who likes to laugh a lot."

Kalmikoff hopes Igor finds a wife. Soon! The chaperoning bit is killing him. (Continued on page 64)

asks me to tell her he loves her! 'Igor!' I said in Polish. 'You just met her! How could you love her?' He tells me 'never mind—just tell her I love her!'

"So I lean across the table and whisper in her ear 'Igor loves you.' She blushes and then she smiles again. Igor is smiling too, but he always smiles, so I didn't have the slightest idea about what he was thinking. The next one really floors me. He's chomping on a spare rib and he leans across to me and tells me to tell her he wants to marry her. 'You want to what?' I asked, dumb-

founded. 'I want to marry her,' Igor repeated. 'Igor, you just met her,' I answered. 'You gotta be kidding.'

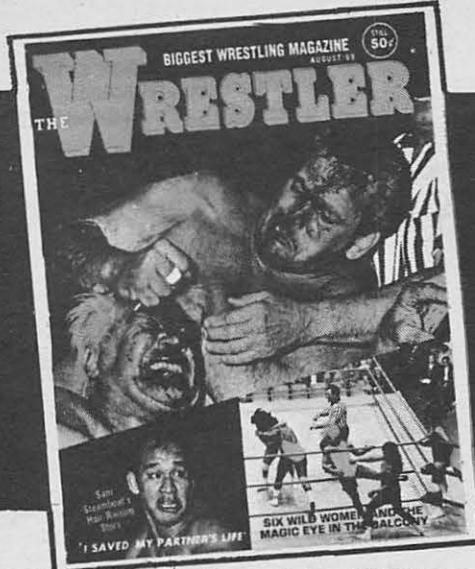
"But he wasn't.

"He was quite serious.

"'Igor wants to marry you,' I whisper to the girl. I feel like an idiot. I don't even know if he knew her name. Well, as soon as I tell her that—she hauls off and slaps me in the face!

"'Look,' I said, 'he wants to marry you—I don't. Don't hit me! Hit him!'

"So she does—right in the mouth—and then she grabs her handbag and storms out of the restaurant. I



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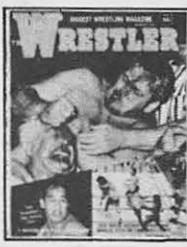
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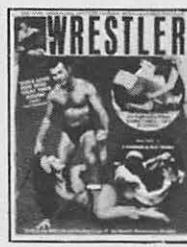
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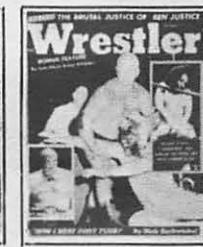
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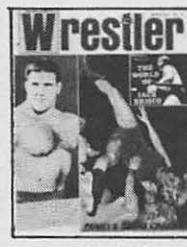
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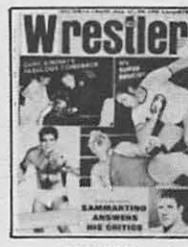
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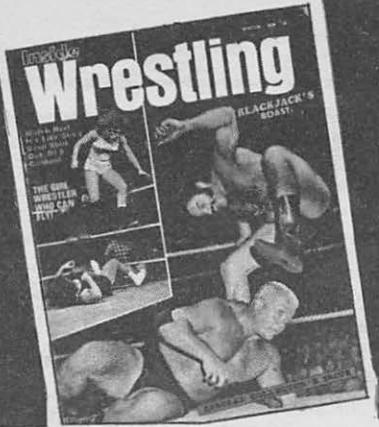
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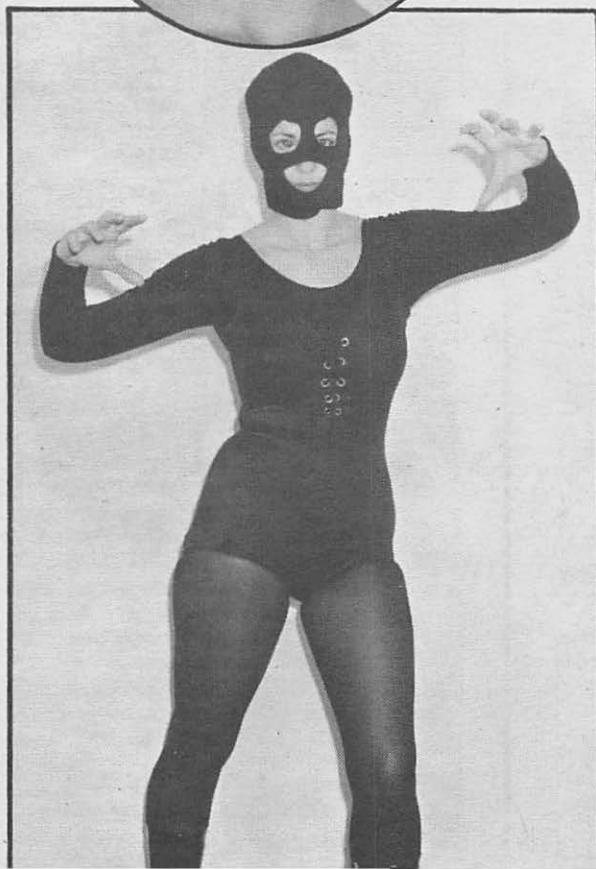
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WAR OF THE THE STRANGEST FEUD OF ALL TIME



"I'd like to wring her neck with these hands and rip off her mask!" says the Black Orchid (left). She's referring, of course, to hated enemy, White Venus. Below: Black Orchid slams Ann Casey.

THE BLACK ORCHID has never met the White Venus. The White Venus has never met the Black Orchid. Yet these two girls are embroiled in the middle of the hottest feud to hit ladies' wrestling in years. And not only is it the hottest—it is certainly the strangest. Why?

The two girls have never met each other!

They have absolutely no idea what



MASKED GIRLS

the other looks like!

They are 3,000 miles apart!

They have never even spoken on the phone!

And what's even weirder—nobody else knows who they are either!

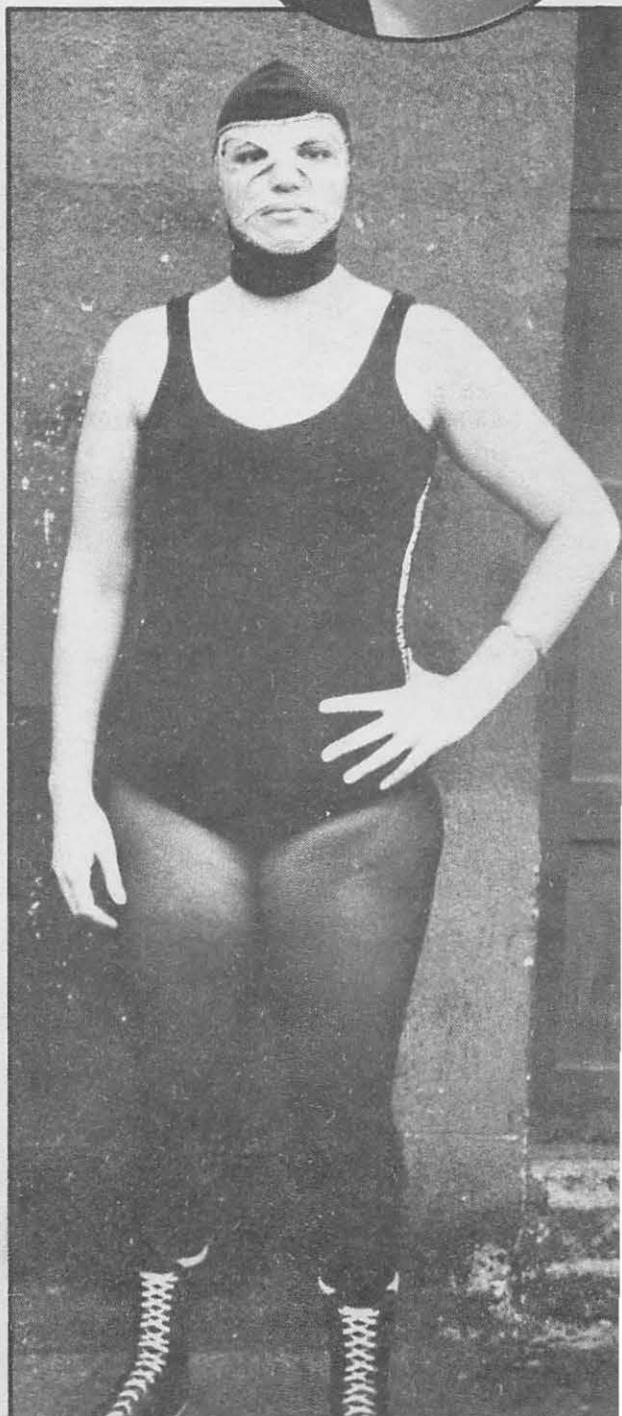
What's the feud about? Masks! That's right—masks! It just so happens that Black Orchid and White Venus are the first masked girls in wrestling. And each one accuses the other of copying her!

"I don't know who this bum calling herself the White Venus is," the Black Orchid told our west coast reporter after a slambang battle against Ann Casey, "but if I ever get my hands on her I'll tear her into little pieces. She stole my idea! I am the first girl wrestler ever to wear a mask. She evidently saw me wrestle here, took the idea, and went back east. Now she's telling everyone she's the first. Well she's nothing but a damn liar!"

The White Venus, of course, has a totally different version.

"I started wearing a mask more than a year ago," she insisted, "but

"I'll tear that mask off her face and then pull her hair out—if she has any!" declares the White Venus (right). "She stole my idea. I had it first. I have to wear it because the world isn't ready for my beautiful face." Below: Jan Sheridan increases pressure on stepover toehold as the White Venus prepares to kick out. Neither Venus nor Orchid pull any punches, and if they ever meet—look out!



since I was wrestling in small towns, nobody but a handful of people knew about it. But I was definitely first! If there's some copycat on the west coast who calls herself the Black Orchid and claims to be the first to wear a mask—she'd better stay there! I don't like people who steal other people's ideas. If she ever comes here I'll tear the mask off her ugly face and pull her hair out—if she has any!"

Judging by their tempers, it's a good thing the girls were interviewed by different reporters 3,000 miles apart. Had they gotten together—there's no telling what might have happened. But without trying to find out who's right and who's wrong, the girls were asked the obvious question. Why?

"I saw a lot of male wrestlers wearing masks and quite a few had their careers helped by it," the Black Orchid explained. "The mysteriousness involved in wearing a mask can take an average wrestler and turn him into a drawing card. If fans pay a lot of money to see male wrestlers with masks, I figured it would be doubly interesting to see a masked girl.

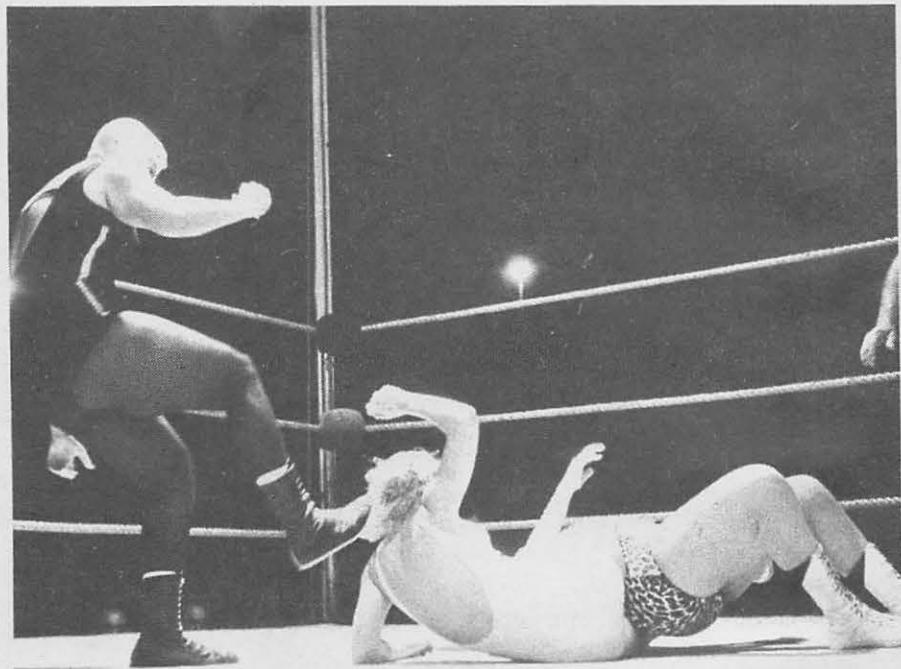
"And there's another reason a lot of people don't realize. The mask is a definite help in the ring. My opponents are so intrigued with finding out who I am, they spend most of the bout trying to yank my mask off. While they're doing that they aren't concentrating on wrestling. It gives me an edge. But if other girls start copying my idea like that White Venus character, I'll lose that edge. But I'll always be known as the *first* masked girl!"

If Black Orchid thinks she'll be known as the first masked girl, the White Venus thinks "she's the only one who'll know it."

"Everybody knows I was first, but let's not get into that again. To answer your question, I began wearing a mask for the best possible reason. I wear it to protect myself.

"You see, I have an extremely beautiful face, so beautiful that the world is not quite ready to see it. It's too pretty to be left out in the open where the hot ring lights can dry out my skin. Besides, if men saw it they'd start riots. Wives would hate

The Black Orchid brutally twists pretty Ann Casey's head practically off her neck. This is what the Black Orchid would like to do to the White Venus—except the two have never met, don't know what the other looks like, and wouldn't know each other if they bumped together on the street!



me because their husbands would spend every hour following me around.

"Did you ever read the story of 'Helen of Troy'? They said she had 'the face that launched a thousand ships.' Men went off to fight and die for her. It would be the same with me. Men would murder each other fighting over me. I must wear a mask for my self-protection as well as for theirs!"

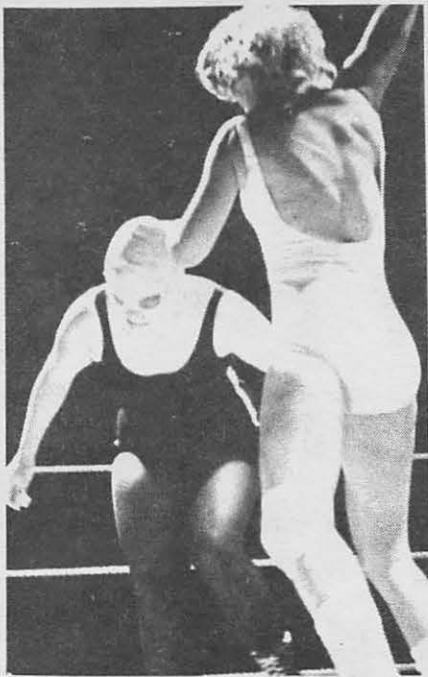
Regardless of their reasons for wearing them, the girls' masks have stirred up a great deal of controversy on both coasts.

"I like the idea," said Pedro Morales, who has seen the White Venus perform. "I think it is sexy—like

The White Venus sends vicious kick to the back of cute Jan Sheridan's neck, forcing her to relinquish body scissors she has clamped on Venus' partner, Cora Combs. Venus and Combs were disqualified.

those Turkish women who wear veils. It leaves more to the imagination to think to yourself about what Venus really looks like."

Lou Albano, the outspoken manager, thinks otherwise. "A girl's face is not meant to be covered up," he said. "I love pretty faces or any kind of female face, pretty or not. You want to cover up a face? Cover Morales' face or Gorilla Monsoon's face



Jan Sheridan gets even with White Venus by smashing her elbow down on her masked head (above). Meanwhile, the Black Orchid gets similar treatment from statuesque Ann Casey, as Ann prepares to flip her over her shoulder (right).

or Bruno Sammartino's face. I would never think of wearing a mask because I am extraordinarily handsome. So why should a girl as pretty as Venus says she is wear one?"

One of the most famous masked men since the Lone Ranger, popular Mil Mascaras, agrees with Albano. "Everybody seems to be wearing a mask these days," he noted. "Pretty soon there'll be no mystery left. If everybody wears masks the unusual fellow will be the man who doesn't. Of course, I can't tell because of the mask, but the Black Orchid looks like she's hiding a very pretty face under there. That is a shame. We Latin men—we like pretty faces."

The Sheik believes the masks are an excellent idea. "Where the Sheik comes from," explained Abdullah Farouk, his manager, "the women always cover their faces. It is not proper not to cover their faces with a veil. The Sheik was very surprised when he came here and found the women walking around with their faces uncovered. He thinks it is not moral. He is happy that some girl wrestlers are wearing masks. He believes a woman's face should always be covered."

Ann Casey, who had never seen a masked girl wrestler until she



tangled with the Black Orchid, says she'd never wear one herself, but the idea fascinates her.

"I must admit I found out how frustrating it is to wrestle someone who is masked," Ann declared. "I used to wonder why the men spent so much time trying to unmask a masked man. Now I know. When you're in there against a masked opponent, the temptation to try and unmask her is hard to resist. I'm dying to find out who the Black Orchid really is. I was thinking about it during the bout and it really affected my style. It definitely takes

Orchid's in a spin—an Airplane Spin—but she escapes from it by digging her right hand into Ann Casey's mid-section.

your mind off the business at hand."

Cora Combs, who often teams with the White Venus, admitted that at first the mask disturbed her. "I just couldn't get used to talking to a mask," she remembered laughing. "I like to look into a person's face when I talk to them. With Venus I felt like an idiot. I was talking to a mask. It's really absurd when you think about it. We're friends, we've traveled together, ate in restaurants together and have spent hours with each other. Yet I really don't know who she is or what she looks like. It's weird."

And that's what makes the feud between Black Orchid and White Venus so crazy. If these two girls passed each other on the street and weren't wearing their masks—they wouldn't even give each other a second look. They could conceivably be next door neighbors, cousins or even sisters-in-law for all they know, and still hate each other's guts because of the masks. But logic doesn't stand in the way of a feud. It never has.

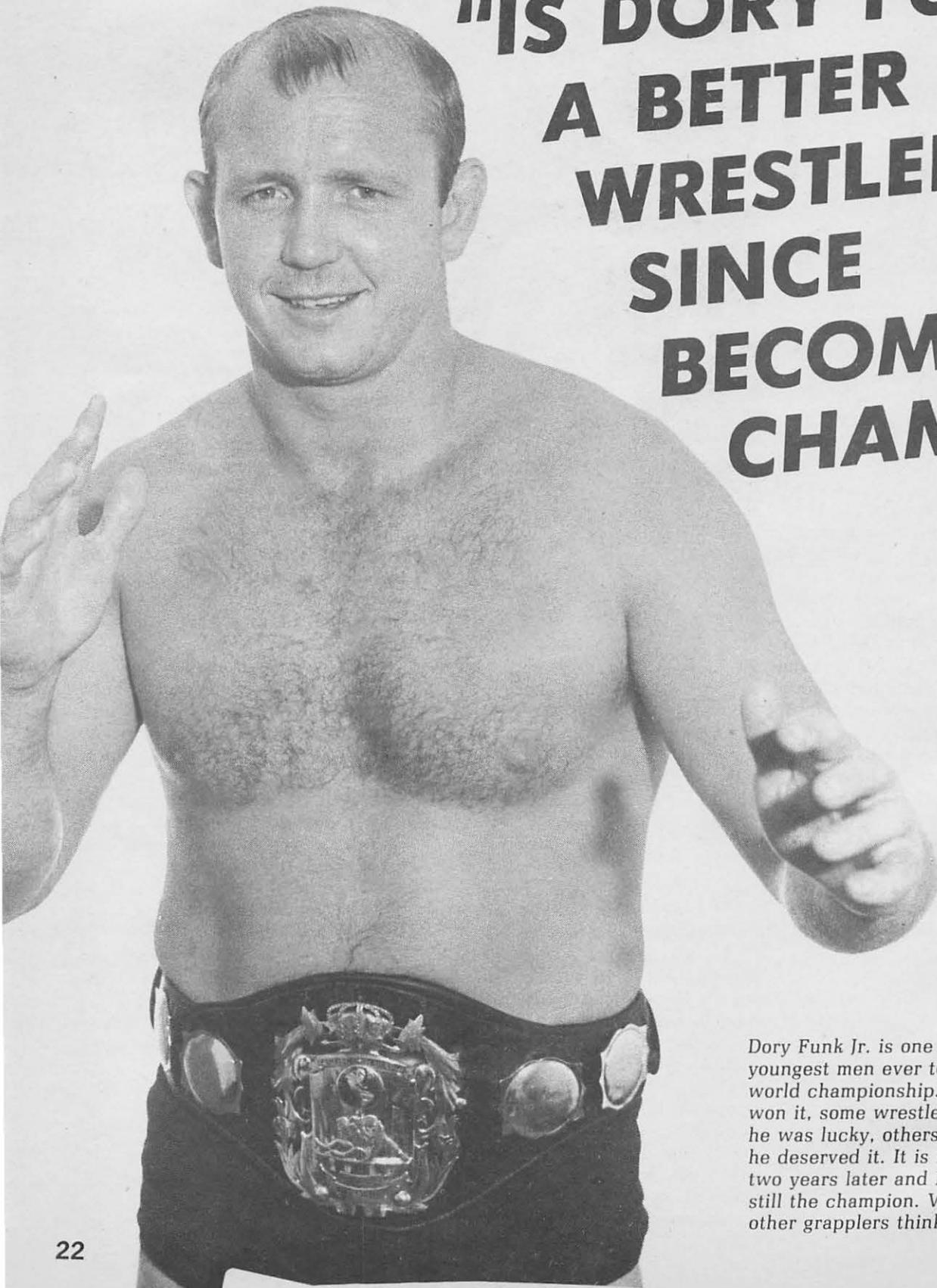
"Mask or no mask," insists the Black Orchid, "if I catch up to her I'll murder her!"

"No chance," the White Venus replied, "I'll stuff that stupid mask down her big mouth!"

So until they meet—if they ever do—the feud will consist only of words. And they are pretty bitter words, considering the parties to the battle wouldn't know the other one—even if they bumped into each other on the street!

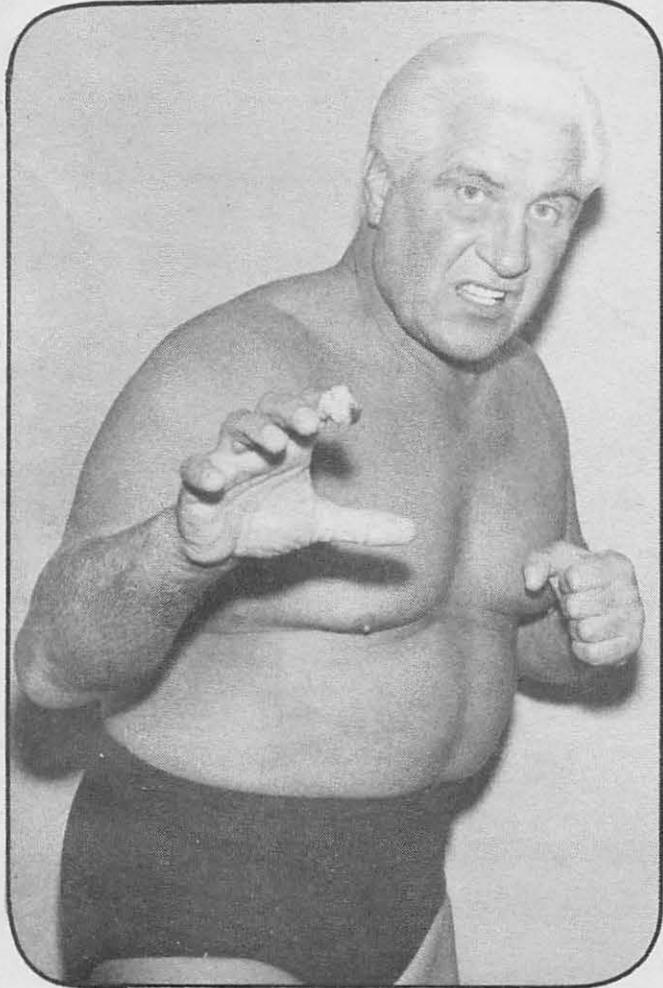
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BECOMING
CHAMP?"



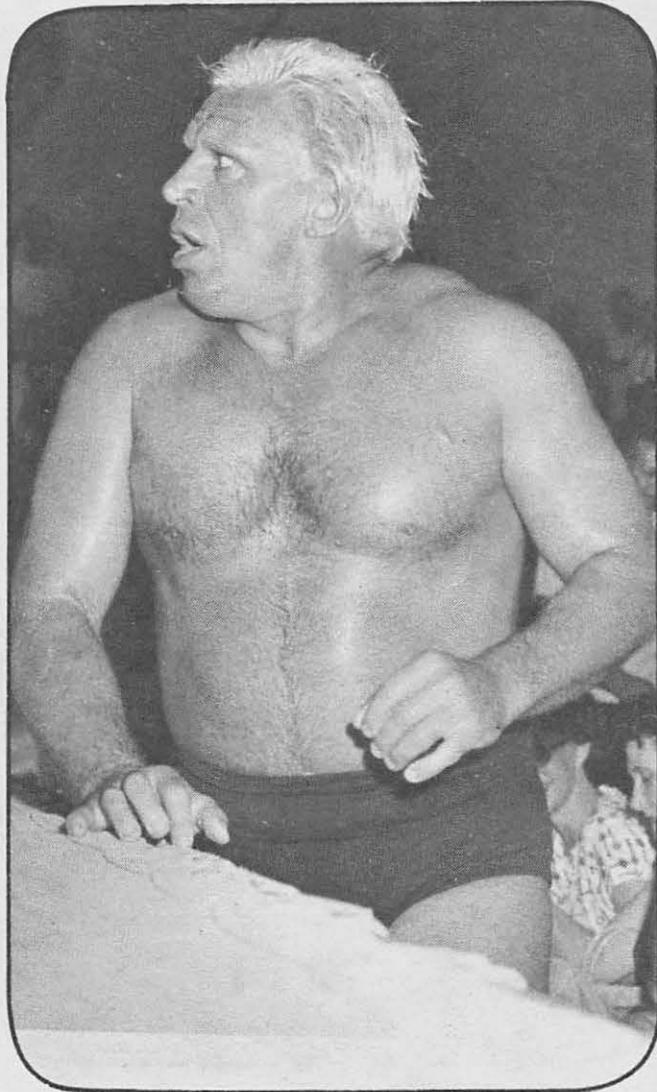
Dory Funk Jr. is one of the youngest men ever to hold the world championship. When he won it, some wrestlers said he was lucky, others thought he deserved it. It is now two years later and Dory's still the champion. What do other grapplers think now?

Several years have passed since Dory Funk Jr. won the National Wrestling Alliance world heavyweight championship. How has he held up under the tremendous pressure? Has he improved as a wrestler since he won the crown from Gene Kiniski? Has he gotten worse or remained the same? To find the answer, we polled ten famous stars, all of whom have tried to lift Dory's title. Here are their provocative opinions:



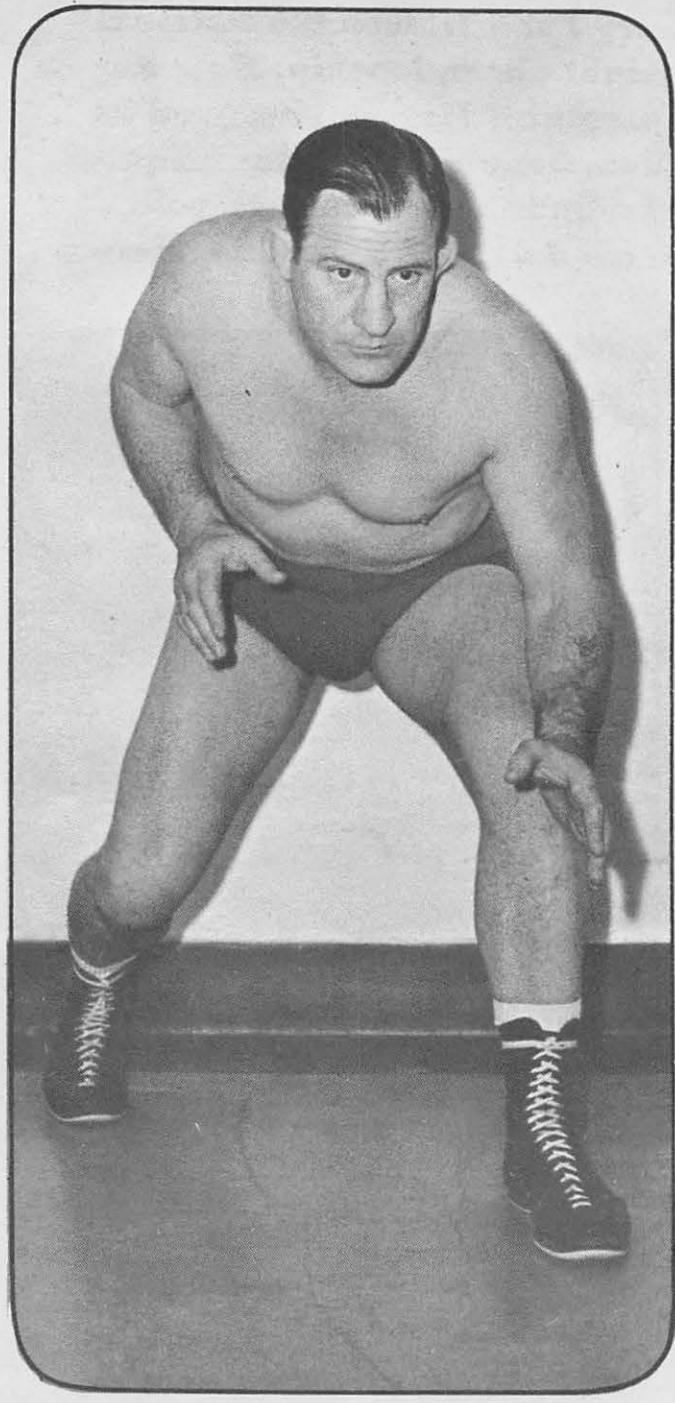
FRED BLASSIE

DORY FUNK JR. is holding up amazingly well since he defeated Gene Kiniski. And if that sounds vague, let me explain: I don't believe any champion can get very much better after winning the title. He has to make so many appearances, do so much traveling, miss so many gym workouts, his work in the ring has to suffer. I believe a champion is doing a lot just to keep his championship; match after match, night after night, in city after city. The grind is just too much to think about developing new holds, polishing techniques, or refining your abilities. Dory Funk Jr., and every other champion, is thinking about survival. It's all he has time to think about. I wrestled Dory before and after he won the title. I saw no improvement, but neither did I see a lessening of his abilities. And that is what is important. He's holding up amazingly well.



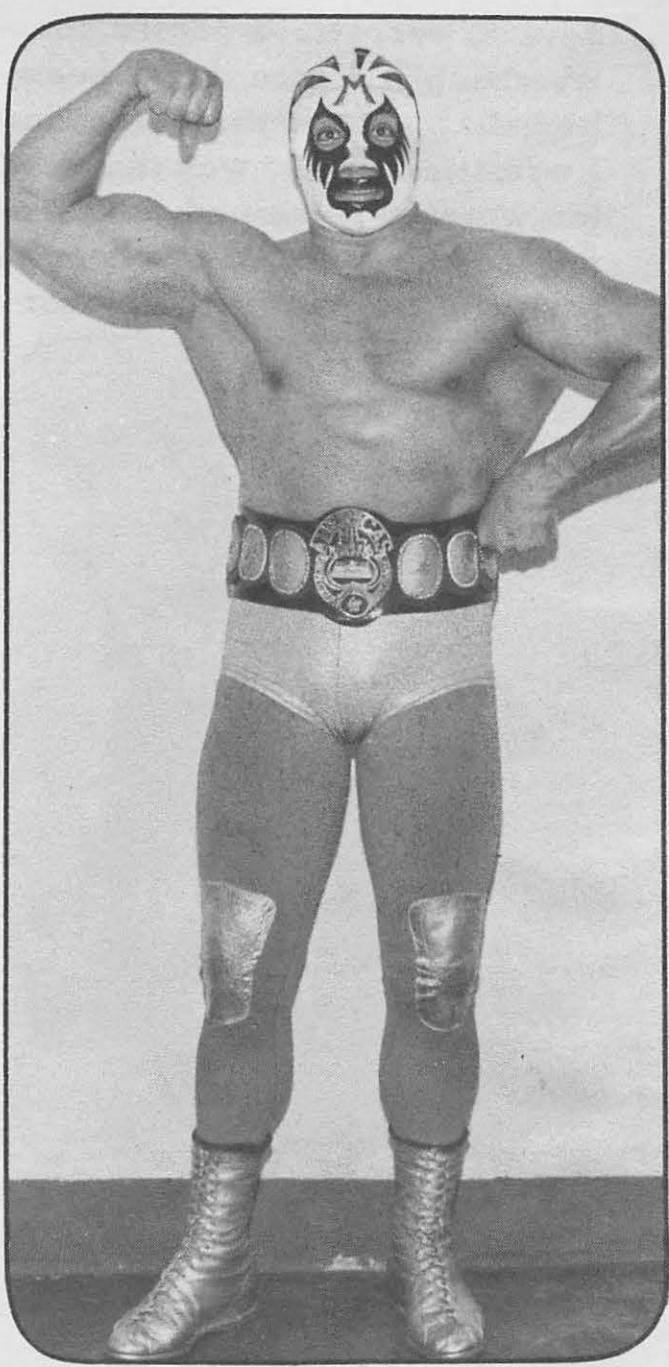
TARZAN TYLER

THAT'S NEARLY AN impossible question to answer since I've seen Dory exactly once since he won the title and I must admit I wasn't overly impressed. We wrestled in Florida in a non-title bout because he's afraid to give me a title shot. I beat him—gave him a bad beating—but I was disqualified. What surprised me was how easily I whipped him. I don't know if he let down because it was a non-title match or if he was just tired from the grind of being champion. I thought I was better than Funk before he won the title and I think I'm better than he is now! But as to whether or not his wrestling ability has improved or gotten worse, well, that's impossible to tell. I'd have to see him over a long period of time to judge that.



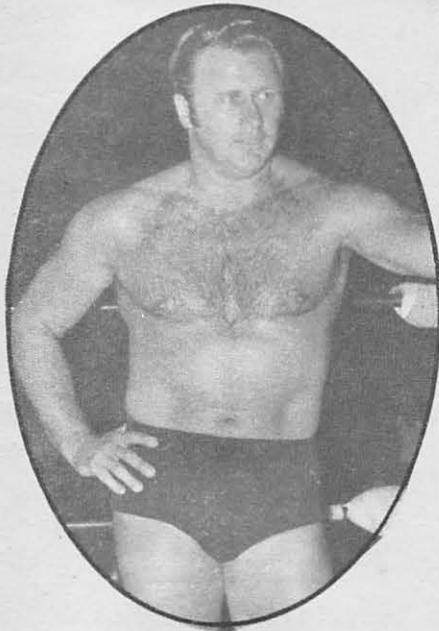
PAT O'CONNOR

TWO YEARS AGO, when you asked me to predict what kind of champion I thought Dory Funk Jr. would be, I told you it was too soon to tell. But I've seen Dory on and off for two years now and I can safely say he's 100 percent better now than he was the night he beat Kiniski. He has more holds and his old favorites like the Spinning Toehold are better than ever. At first I wasn't sure about whether or not he'd be able to hold up under the constant pressure. He's not the biggest guy in the world, you know. He seems to have suffered no ill effects from all the traveling, the long hours, or any of the difficulties associated with being heavyweight champion of the world. He's as fast as he ever was and I think he'll remain champion for a long time. He seems to keep improving.



MIL MASCARAS

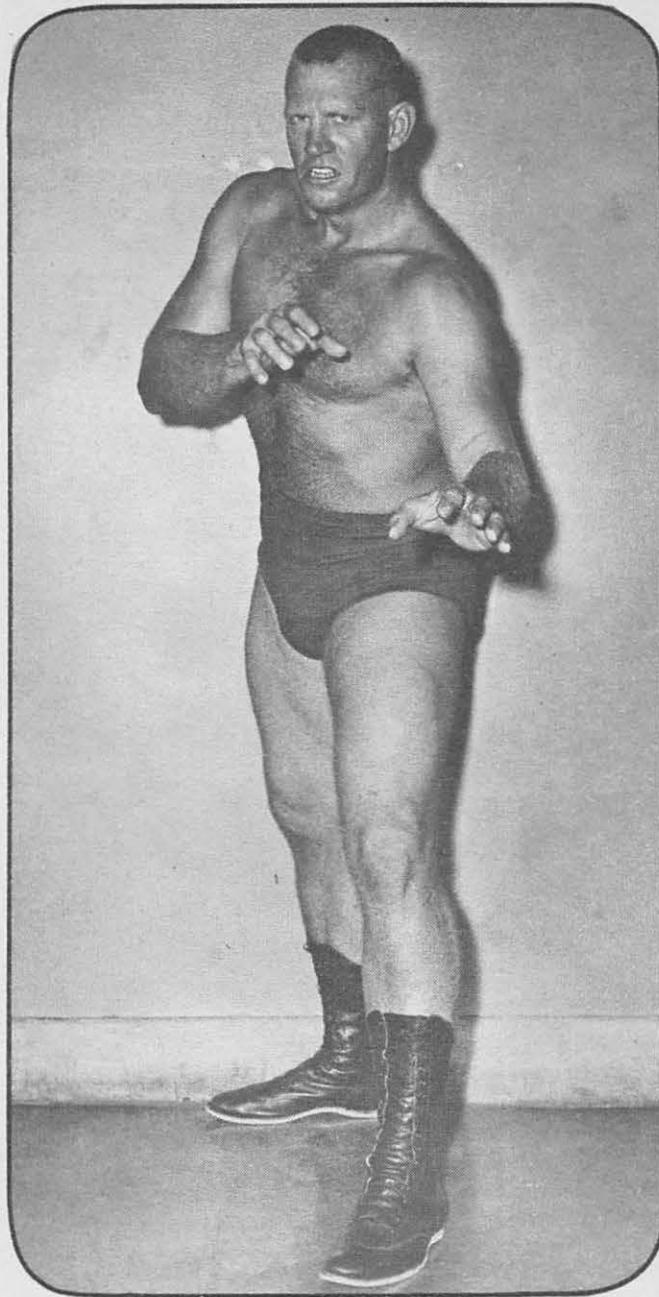
DORY HAS GOTTERN better—much better—and for reasons exactly opposite to those Freddie Blassie gave you. When a wrestler is on the go four and five nights a week against men who may be having their only chance ever to win a championship—he's got to be at top form every single night just to hold onto it. One off night and he's an ex-champion. There's no coasting, no easy matches. Each and every wrestler is looking to take his title. The fact nobody has taken his title proves Dory has gotten better. I know when he wrestled me I couldn't have met a better opponent. Sure, the grind is tough on a champion. But it's that tough grind which polishes his skills. You don't have time to get rusty. That's why Funk is better now than he was at any other stage of his career.



Nick Bockwinkle rests in corner between falls of match with Funk in Atlanta. Nick has title hopes himself and he thinks Dory is ready to be taken. Naturally, he believes he's the man to do the taking.

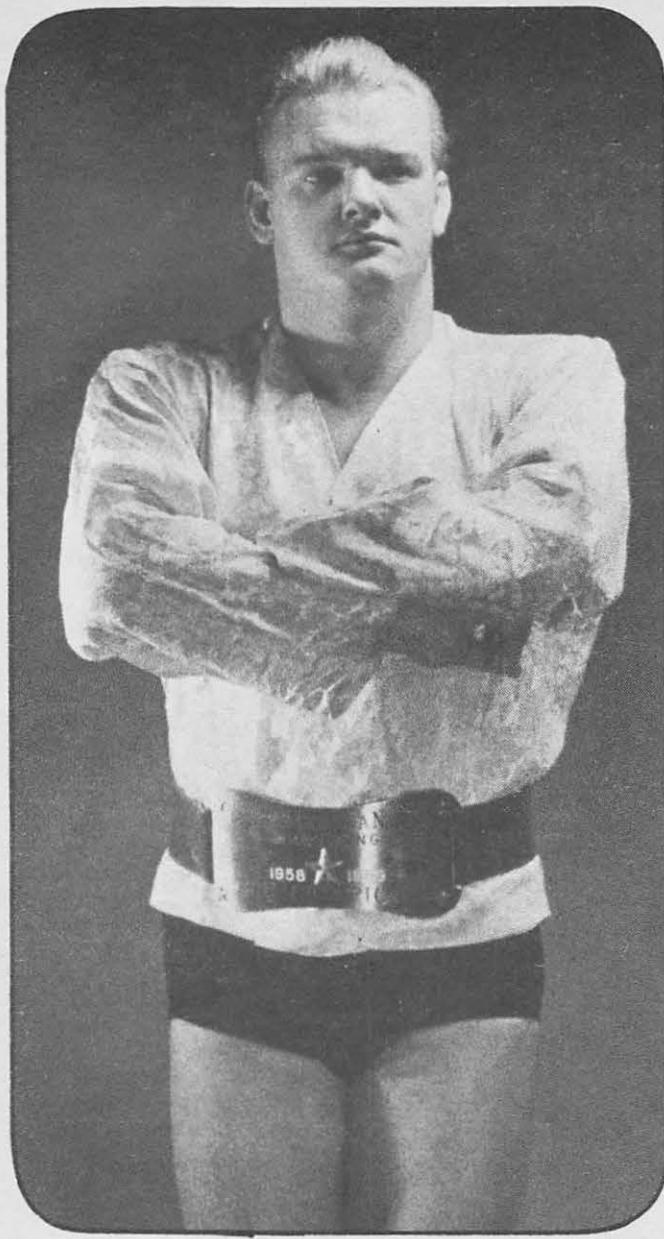
NICK BOCKWINKLE

YOU CAN TELL the effect being champion has had on Funk just by looking at his eyes. He's a very tired wrestler and nowhere near as good as he was two years ago. When I wrestled him in Atlanta he seemed slower, much slower than he'd been before. And it makes sense! He's getting older now and is no longer that exuberant young kid he once was. He's picking up experience, learning how to pace himself and coast in spots because the quickness isn't there any more. I can't think of one new hold he's developed since becoming champion. He has the same equipment he always had, except he's slowed down. In the old days, he wouldn't wrestle dirty no matter what you did to him. Now he'll slug you just as soon as look at you. I think that's a sign his abilities are deteriorating. Dory Funk Jr. reached his peak two years ago. He's lucky to still be champion.



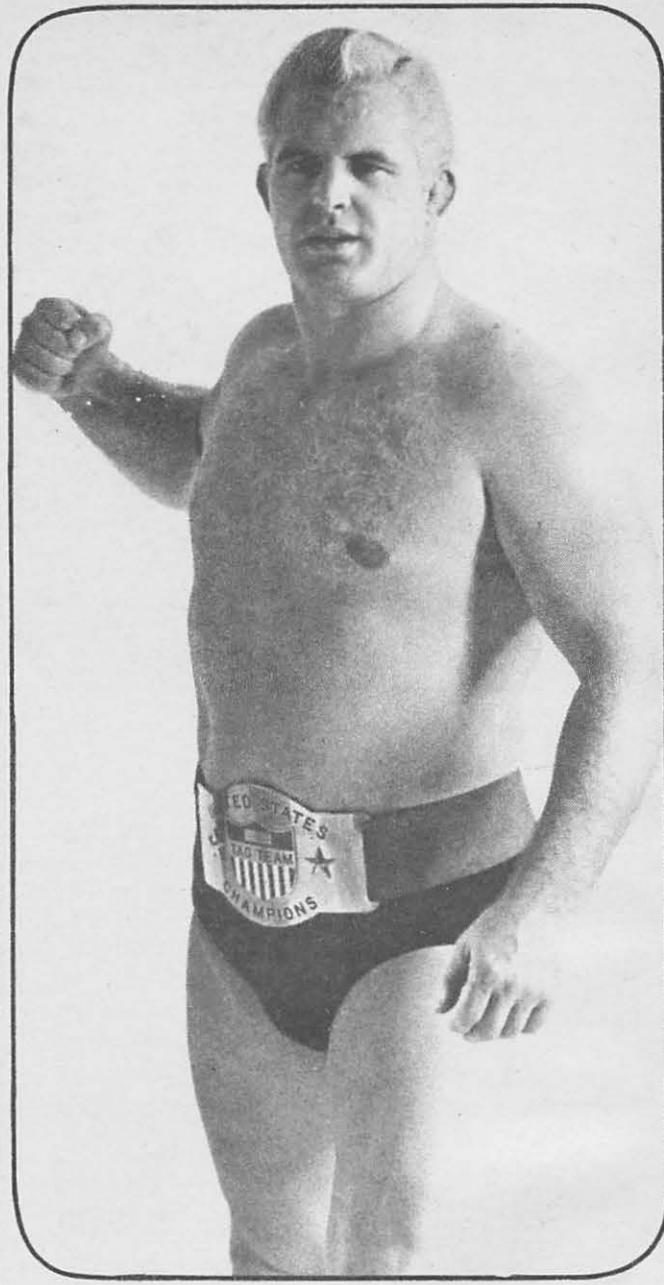
FRITZ VON ERICH

WHEN I FOUND out I would be getting a chance to wrestle for his title in Dallas I followed him around for many nights to learn as much as I could about him. Are there differences? Definitely. In the old days, he used to rely on speed, flying dropkicks, and he'd dazzle you with his moves. Now he's not as sensational. But in the two years since he became champion he has picked up valuable experience. He doesn't make the mistakes he made before. You used to be able to wait for him to make a mistake and then capitalize on it. No more. You have to beat him now. He won't beat himself. I guess you could call it maturity. That's the quality he seems to have picked up as champion. He wrestles like a veteran now. But despite those improvements, I still don't think he's that good. There are several wrestlers who could whip him now on any given night. And I know I'm one of them!



JOHNNY VALENTINE

THAT'S A DIFFICULT QUESTION. I've wrestled him a number of times since he became champion and I came closer than anyone to defeating him. There are some areas in which he seems as good as ever. His Spinning Toehold is as good, if not better, than ever. His flying drop-kick is one of the best in the business. But I think the championship has taken its toll on his strength. He doesn't seem as strong as he was, nor is he as fast. I find it easier to clamp holds on him, yet he seems to have picked up valuable experience which allows him to slip out of those holds. He's definitely a smarter wrestler than ever before. He takes no chances, doesn't gamble, isn't reckless. He's not as spectacular as he once was, but he's steadier. Still, I don't believe he's as good as previous champions like Pat O'Connor or Buddy Rogers or Lou Thesz. He has definite weak spots and he can be beaten. I think it'll happen soon and don't be surprised if Johnny Valentine is the man who does it.



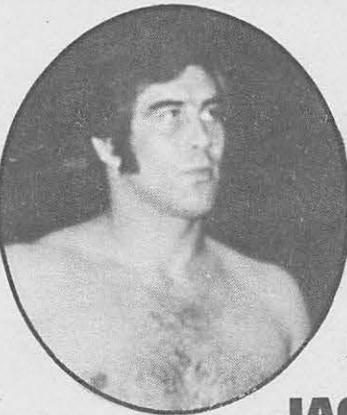
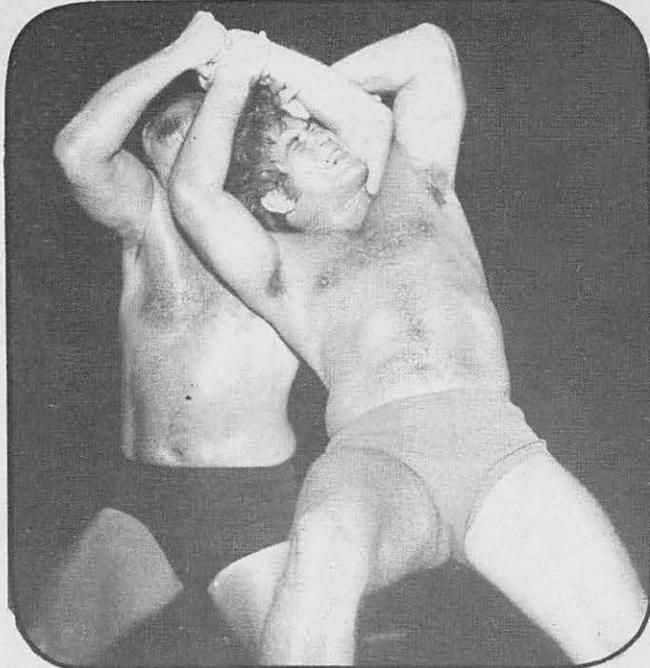
EDDIE GRAHAM

AS YOU KNOW, I've known Dory ever since he was in diapers. I've watched him improve year after year, including the last two years. And that's the reason he's such a great champion. He never stops improving. Right now his dropkick is as good as Rocca's ever was and his Spinning Toehold is absolutely unbreakable. Despite his rugged schedule, he hasn't lost any of the quickness he's noted for. If it appears to some people he's slowing down, it's because of the calibre of his competition. There are no soft spots in his schedule. Every man he wrestles is a potential champion. And if you wrestle the top men in the sport night-after-night you simply are not going to look as impressive as if you had a few chances to wrestle third-rate grapplers. The proof of Dory's improvement is the very fact he's still champion. With the kind of men he's been wrestling, he'd have been knocked off a long time ago if he hadn't kept improving.



BARON VON RASCHKE

FUNK WAS A lucky kid before he became champion and he's even luckier to have held his title this long. I don't know how he's done it. He doesn't have much talent to speak of, but you don't need much when all the referees are on your side. Improvements? Who knows? Two times nothing is still nothing! So even if he's 100 percent better it means nothing because he wasn't anything to begin with!



Few wrestlers have come as close to defeating Funk as has popular Jack Brisco. When Dory is dethroned, many feel Jack will be the one to do it. He's already won non-title matches from the champion.

JACK BRISCO

IT'S HARD FOR me to give you an objective viewpoint on his skills after what's happened between us. I don't remember all that much about Dory before he became champion, but I do know I can beat him. Heck... I did beat him. To me he seems to be a skillful wrestler but he tends to use dirty tactics whenever he's in serious trouble. I was looking forward to a clean, scientific match against Dory, and was shocked by some of the tactics he used. He rarely did that in the old days, so I can only assume he feels his ability isn't enough to allow him to get by. As far as his collection of holds is concerned, I've seen better and I've seen worse. I won't say he's not a good champion because all men who become champions must have something going for them or else they'd never have made it to the top. I believe some of the oldtime champions like Buddy Rogers would have made chopped meat out of him. At one time Dory may have been better, but my experiences with him make it hard for me to evaluate him objectively. I just can't respect anyone who holds onto his championship by getting himself disqualified. In all honesty, I'm disappointed in Dory Funk as a champion. And if he's ever forced to give me another title shot, I'll try to give the fans a champion they can be proud of.

2 'ANGELS'

FIGHT THE

DEVIL'S CURSE



Denise and Marylou are the nicest girls you'd ever want to meet. But beneath their sweet exterior is a lust for blood and violence.

TO LOOK at Denise Lefresne and Marylou Sadowski, you'd never suspect they had dual personalities.

When they're on good behavior, green-eyed Denise and blonde-haired Marylou appear to be angels.

But men have learned to run from them because they have the curse of the devil in them.

"It's the strangest thing," says Denise. "I may look like a sweet girl but I have a vicious streak."

Marylou feels the same way: "Something seems to come over me and I get bloodthirsty."

Both girls are secretaries to topflight executives in large Chicago corporations.

All day long, they lead a busy life, taking dictation, typing letters, setting up appointments . . .

It's a continuous round of "yes, sir" and "no, sir" and "I'll take care of that right away, sir."

Denise (wearing white shoes) and Marylou let off steam in their comfortable apartment by roughing each other up. They do it not for money, but for the thrill of it.

On the job, the girls are paragons of decorum and efficiency. But it's a humdrum existence and when five o'clock rolls around, they demand excitement—plenty of it.

"I suppose every secretary feels the way we do," says Marylou. "But the kind of excitement we want is scary because it involves a lot of violence."

Denise brought in a silver tray with coffee and cookies and laid it on an oval table in their smartly-furnished apartment.

"One lump or two?" she asked. "One," our photographer said.

"Marylou is right," Denise said, picking up the thread of conversation. "That's why we started attending wrestling matches, where you found us."

"You said you like violence and yet you're afraid of it?" our photographer asked.

"One side of us is afraid of it, but not the other side, our bad side," Marylou explained.

"So you went to the matches because you thought you'd get a vicarious thrill?"

"In a way, yes," Denise said.

"But then it got to the point where we wanted to do more than just watch. We felt like getting right in there with the contestants."

"Which is why," our photographer said, "you started wrestling at home? In other words, you wanted to gain experience so that you could become wrestlers?"

Marylou nodded. "I know it sounds fantastic," she said, sipping her coffee and munching on a chocolate cookie, "but that's just what we want to be—wrestlers."

"But why didn't you go to a girl wrestling school or take some lessons at the YWCA?"

Denise shook her head. "Uh, uh," she said. "There aren't any schools around here and I'm sure the 'Y' frowns on lady wrestlers."

"We had it all figured out," said Marylou. "First we practiced on each other. Then, to broaden our experience, we brought some girl friends up here to wrestle."

"They didn't like it very much," Denise laughed. "They stuck it out for a few nights and



The shapely Denise touches up her lovely face after a hard workout.

30

then quit."

"So now you're back to wrestling each other?"

"Well, not exactly," said Marylou. "Once in a while we invite some gentlemen friends to give us a workout, but—" She paused.

"But what?"

"Oh, they get the wrong idea and that spoils everything. With them, a 'wrestling match' means only one thing. We don't want to be bothered with that—at least not now."

"Did any of your gentlemen friends get nasty when you told them to get lost?"

"Most of them are disappointed, of course," Denise said. "But generally they don't give us any trouble."

"You know why they don't give us any trouble," Marylou interjected.

"Why?" our photographer asked.

"Because we beat hell out of them, what's why!" Marylou said.

Denise told the story of one guy who accepted their invitation with alacrity and then began to get rough when he learned the real purpose of the invitation.

"He was real ugly," Marylou said. "But we told him off. When he refused to leave, we sailed into him and by the time we got through he had a broken arm, a bloody nose and deep scratches all over his face."

"It got so bad," Denise went on, "that we wanted to tear him to pieces. The blood had a terrible effect on us—we wanted to see more of it."

Our photographer asked the girls to demonstrate their various holds and they readily obliged him.

"Now put some zip into it," he suggested. —

They started hammering each other with such ferocity that he hastily called a halt.

"Better save that for when you get into the ring," he cautioned.

"No sense crippling yourselves for free."

"Oh, that's nothing," Marylou said. "You should have seen what we did to some of our girl friends . . ."

". . . And our gentlemen friends, too," Denise added.

"It's a wonder you have any friends left," our photographer said.

"It's a big problem," Marylou admitted.

"How about you?" Denise said. "Put down that camera and we'll show you a few tricks."

"No, thanks!" the photographer said.



"We'll take it easy with you," Marylou urged.

"Nothing doing. You may start out that way. But I know what'll happen. You'll turn into a couple of bloodthirsty witches."

"You men," Denise said, "are such cowards. How do you expect us to train if we don't get any cooperation?"

"Try getting some new boy friends. By the way, where do you train?"

"Right here," Marylou said. "Come into the bedroom and I'll show you."

"Into the bedroom?"

"Sure. Instead of a mat, we use the bed. We do all our push-ups and pullups there. That's the part of wrestling we don't like. It's a drag. Denise tries to vary the routine by working out with her toy dog." She shrugged.

After the demonstration ended, the girls strolled into the living room to repair their makeup.

When they were finished, they appeared just like angels. □



Left: Honey blonde Marylou lost interest in whatever she was reading in Playboy when Denise suggested a workout.
Right: Marylou keeps Denise on floor with arm and leg holds. Above: Denise clowns it up for camera, using stuffed dog as a prop.



NEWS FROM THE WRESTLING CAPITALS OF THE WORLD

NEW YORK

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN'S largest crowd in history—22,070—saw W.W.W.F. champion Pedro Morales defeat Stan "The Man" Stasiak in a "Texas Death Match." And just a few weeks later, that attendance mark was smashed when even more people showed up to watch Morales tangle with Fred "The Bite" Blassie!

Mike Pappas left this area for a world-wide tour... Insiders are predicting Chief Strongbow and Victor Rivera will take the W.W.W.F. tag-team title from Tarzan Tyler and Luke Graham... Beautiful Bobby has mysteriously vanished and even the Grand Wizard swears he doesn't know where Bobby is... Nikita Mulkovich's Masked Russians remain undefeated... Chuck Richards is leaving for a tour of Japan while Bobo Brazil is reported to be heading this way. Bobo's still after a rematch against The Sheik... Rene Goulet and Jim Valiant are feuding... Tony Marino has returned from a tour of the Orient.

CALIFORNIA

Since Salvator Lothario and La Pantera Negra dethroned Black Gordman and Goliath, they have been undefeated in each defense of their America's Tag-team crown. "It took us long enough to get it," Lothario said. "You can bet we won't give it up without a battle."

John Tolos still wearing a mask... Kenji Shibuya and Mr. Saito have left the area—destination unknown... Both Pat Patterson and Billy Graham have their hands full with Pepper Gomez... Don Carson and Rocky "Soul Man" Johnson have been engaged in a bloody series of brutal brawls reminiscent of the Ray Stevens-Pat Patterson bloodbaths of not too long ago... Peter Maivia and Paul DeMarco hate each other's guts so much they had to be physically restrained from going at

it in a parking lot... Paul Diamond is wowing fans with his slambang style.

Received a message from The Destroyer. He wants us to remind everyone he's the most intelligent, sensational and savage wrestler in the world. "As soon as I arrived," he noted, "most of the good wrestlers took off for parts unknown. I guess that shows who's afraid of who!"... Olympic promoter Mike LeBell has been elected vice president of the National Wrestling Alliance. Congratulations and good luck, Mike... Bearcat Wright is back after a long absence and his number one target is none other than The Destroyer... El Sicodelico has finally moved into main events.

FLORIDA

Roy and Les Welch, a rare father and son team, continue their long winning streak. We've been asking around and nobody remembers the last time, if ever, a father and son wrestling team won a tag-team title. If you can think of one, let us know.

Boris Malenko has returned to his old lovable self—biting, kicking, gouging and punching his adversaries... Dirty Dick Murdoch has been out-talking Jack Brisco on local TV interviews. But he can't wrestle Jack with his mouth—or can he?... Al Coco and Jose Feliciano are newcomers to the Sunshine state... Jerry Jarrett and The Grappler would like to tangle with each other with no referees around. They hate each other's guts.

Is Mr. Wrestling really Nick Bockwinkle? That's the rumor circulating around right now... Fans urging Jack Brisco and Cowboy Bill Watts to team up... Bobby Duncum recovering from a fractured leg... Ron Miller and Larry O'Day are keeping a tight rein on their Florida tag-team title... Veteran Duke Keomuka touring through here and fans are amazed at the fantastic shape he's in... The Plowboy would

like nothing better than a clean-cut victory over Dirty Dick Murdoch. Every time the Plowboy's on the verge of victory, Murdoch gets himself disqualified... Promoter Chris Dundee is bidding for another Dory Funk Jr.-Jack Brisco title match.

BUFFALO

North American heavyweight champion Waldo Von Erich is dodging a return battle with Dom DeNucci. Who says so? DeNucci. And word is out that DeNucci is so confident of taking Von Erich's title, he's offered Waldo tons of money to get him to agree to a match.

Baron Michel Scicluna returned from his native Malta and wants a shot at Johnny Powers' regional title... Tony Marino on the trail of Abdullah the Butcher... Two exciting newcomers here are Java Rukk and the Masked Question... Bobo Brazil flew up for conferences with promoters hoping to arrange a grudge match against The Sheik. Brazil's friends are worried because they insist they've never seen him like this. The only thing he thinks of, day in and day out, is getting even with The Sheik. It has practically become an obsession with the popular veteran.

NORTH DAKOTA

Former W.W.W.F. champion Ivan Koloff—the man who took the crown from Bruno Sammartino—is embroiled in a blazing feud with Indian sensation Billy Red Cloud. The battle has reached the name-calling stage on both ends, but Red Cloud got the better of the verbal exchanges. "I wish he had hair," Billy said, "so I could scalp him. Maybe I'll just take off his stupid beard!" Sorry Ivan. Billy wins that fall.

"Luscious" Lars Anderson is practicing crushing the Crusher's head. Sound strange? Well one of Lars' fans

sent a foam rubber likeness of Crusher's head to him and every day he walks around crushing it in and out... British star Billy Robinson is offering to wrestle Anderson and Larry Hennig—at the same time!... Blond bomber Ray Stevens is a huge hit here. But he's not a hit with Bull Bullinski, who would like nothing better than to have Stevens lay down in front of the wheels of his truck!

GEORGIA

The biggest mystery around here is a new wrestler calling himself "Mr. X." Nobody has the slightest idea of who he could be... George "The Great" Scott says Wild Bill White should be put in a cage and the keys should be buried on the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean... The Fabulous Moolah continues to ignore the challenges of Vicki Williams. Vicki came very close to winning Moolah's title the last time they met. As far as Moolah is concerned—Vicki came too close... Big John and Buddy Colt and the pairing of Big Bob Armstrong and El Mongol are the two leading contenders to take the Georgia Tag-Team title from the despised Assassins. Everyone hopes one of them knocks off the masked terrors.

BOSTON

Haystacks Calhoun flew in from Canada just to team with Gorilla Monsoon against W.W.W.F. tag-team champions Tarzan Tyler and Luke Graham. If there are two guys Calhoun can't stand it's Tyler and Graham. "I'd have flown halfway around the world to scuffle with those two!" Haystacks exclaimed... Handsome Jim Valiant is pleading with promoter Abe Ford to sign him for a return battle with Pedro Morales. Their last war wound up being declared "no contest."... Karl Gotch and Rene Goulet look like sure-fire tag-team contenders for the W.W.W.F. title... Chief Jay Strongbow is chasing Stan Stasiak, but Stan is running faster than the Chief. Stasiak doesn't mind wrestling Pedro Morales, but the thought of tangling with Strongbow starts him shaking.

MINNESOTA

Crusher and Red Bastien are quickly becoming the most popular team in this area's history, but the new team of Nick Bockwinkle and Ray Stevens looks downright unbeatable... Hans Schmidt claiming he was a victim of a "quick count" in his match against British sensation Billy Robinson. "Someone ought to tell that dumb referee that one and two come before three!" Hans declared... Sailor

Art Thomas amazed fans with a display of strength that's almost incredible. He lifted giant Ivan Koloff clear over his head and threw him out of the ring!

ST. LOUIS

Harley Race still can't get a victory over veteran star Pat O'Connor. And speaking of O'Connor, the former world champion is still in as great shape as he was the day he came to this country. He hasn't slowed down a step... Rufus R. Jones and Terry Funk are teaming up... Jerry Brisco going "Moose" hunting—Moose Cholok, that is... Blackjack Lanza claims he's "10 times tougher than Bruiser" and wants to be announced as "Bruising Blackjack Lanza."... The Mummy is back and he's more terrifying than ever... Von Raschke publicly stated Jack Brisco is a coward, but when Brisco offered to let Von Raschke put his money where his mouth is and climb in the ring, Von Raschke changed the subject.

TENNESSEE

Newcomer Omar Atlas has fans sitting on the edges of their seats. He's a dazzling performer and a superb wrestler... Len Rossi finally got his long-awaited revenge over Dandy Jack Donovan. About time, too. They've been at each other's throats for years... The Golden Terrors are chasing J.C. Dykes and his Infernos all over the state... The Von Brauners, Kurt and Karl, insist their manager, Saul Weingeroff, has more brains than any other manager in the world... Dr. Ken Raimey brought his white-clad interns in to wrestle Jerry Jarrett and Jackie Fargo... Bearcat Brown won the recent 30-man battle royal and the cash prize of \$6,000.

TORONTO

World heavyweight boxing champion Joe Frazier refereed a recent wrestling card at the Lord Beaverbrook rink. Has Joe got eyes on the mat world? He'd make one helluva wrestler... Don Surrano and Leo Burk are feuding... Big John Quinn and Carlos Belafonte are aiming for a shot at the world tag-team title... The Love Brothers are absolutely fuming at the referee who disqualified them in their match against Bobo Brazil and Lord Layton... Tiger Jeet Singh, who already has his hands full with The Sheik, is now building a private hatred for Abdullah Farouk, the Arab's wily manager... Is Bulldog Brower a "good guy?"... Ivan Koloff wants a return bout with Edouard Carpenter. □

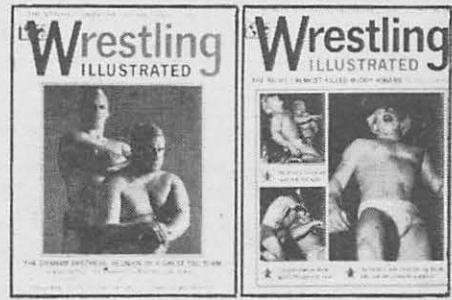
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SPECIAL SERIES No. 4

**EDOUARD CARPENTIER
VS.
KILLER KOWALSKI**

'MY TOUGHEST BOUT'

July 19, 1960

MONTREAL, CANADA

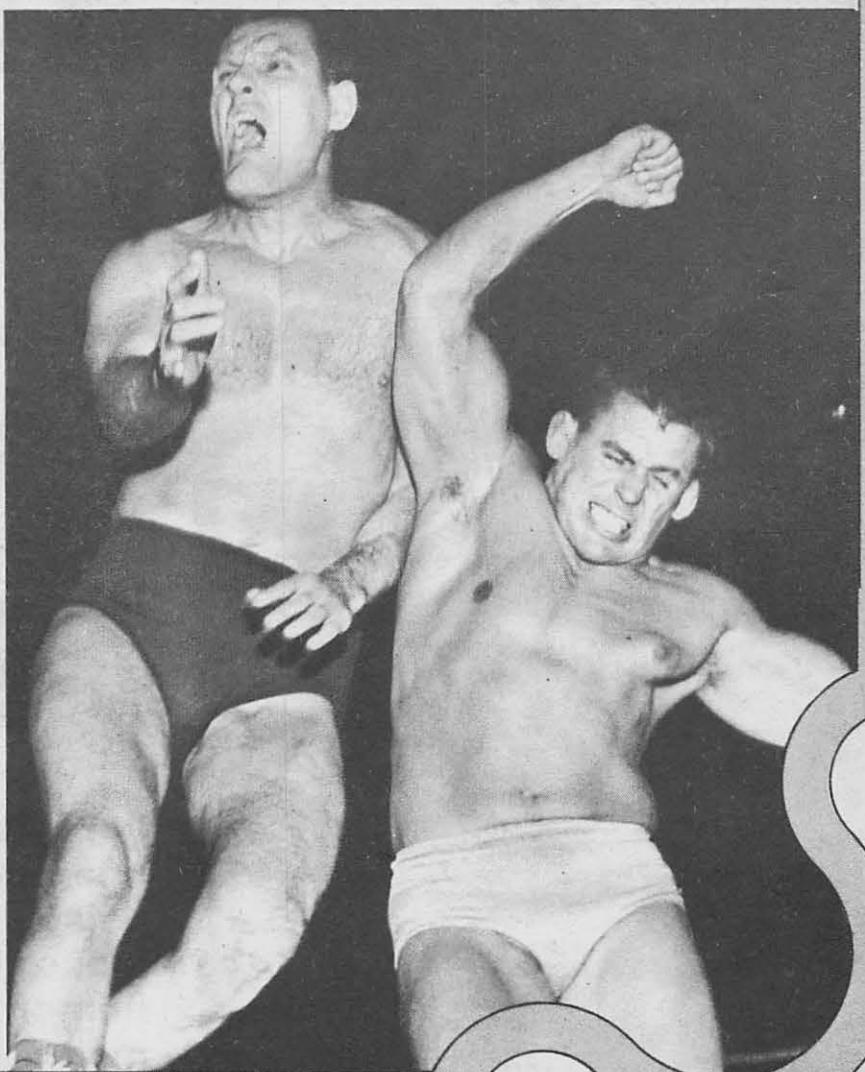
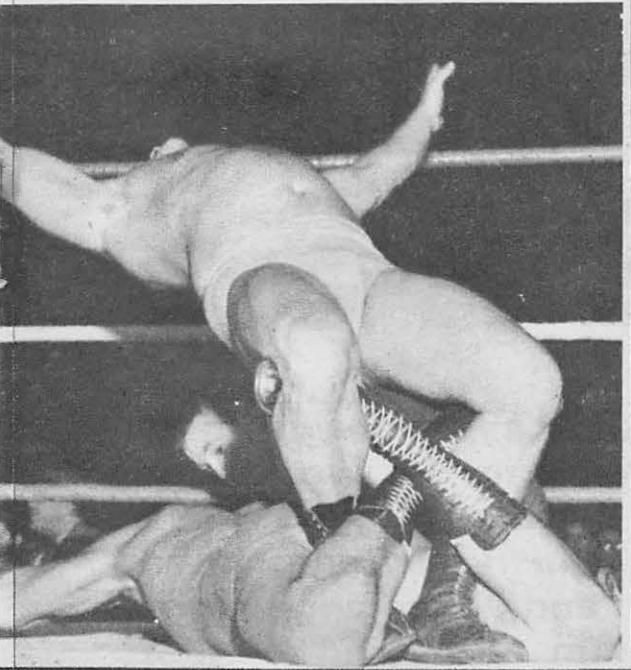
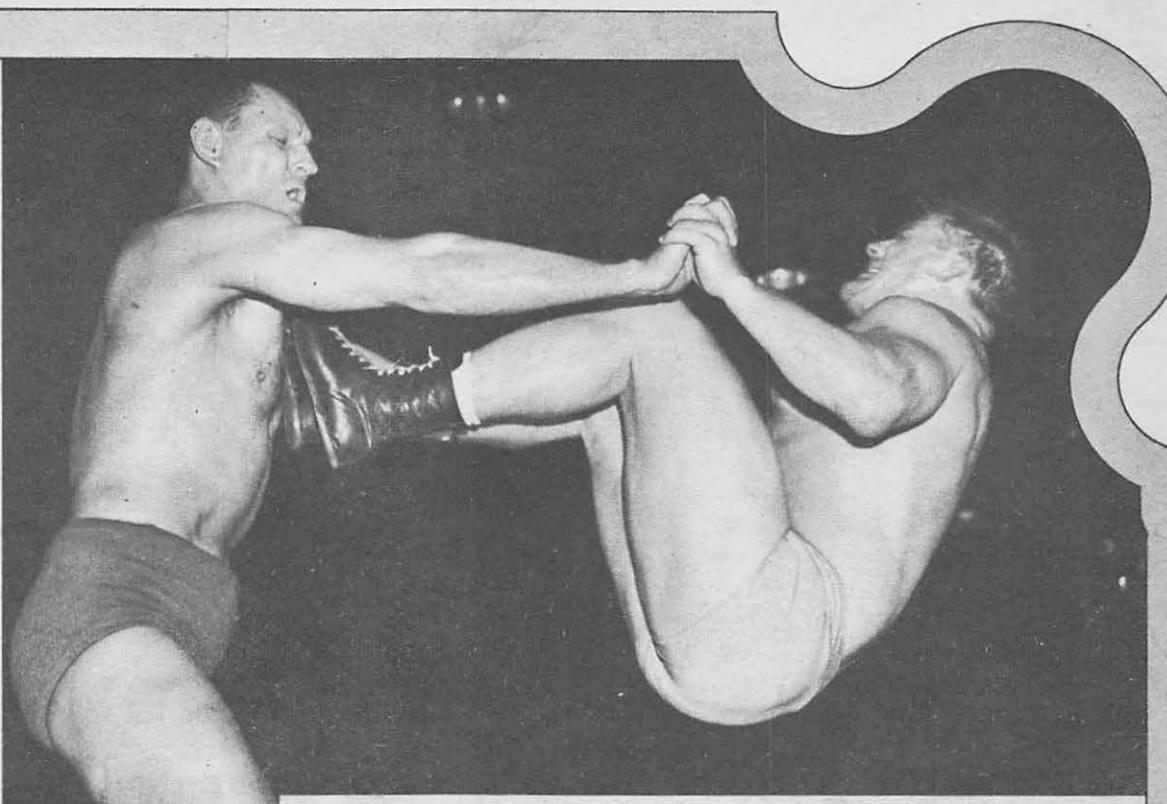
I look at my body and see a lot of scars; scars of all sizes and shapes. I have a very good memory and I can remember where all those scars came from. More than half of them came from the fists and feet of the wildest wrestler who ever lived—Killer Kowalski. I must have wrestled Kowalski at least 25 times. Every match was a bloody war, but the worst one of all was the one in Montreal on July 19, 1960. I don't want to make it sound like a joke, but on that night, the Killer nearly killed me. He nearly tore my guts out with knee-drops. I have been hit with knee-drops by the best men in the business—Jerry Graham, Fritz Von Erich and the Bruiser—but none of them could even come close to delivering the terrible effects that Kowalski could deliver with his murderous knee-drops. I didn't even know where I was through most of that bout. But I do know that I was lucky to be able to limp out of that ring with my life. I won the match, but I still don't know how.

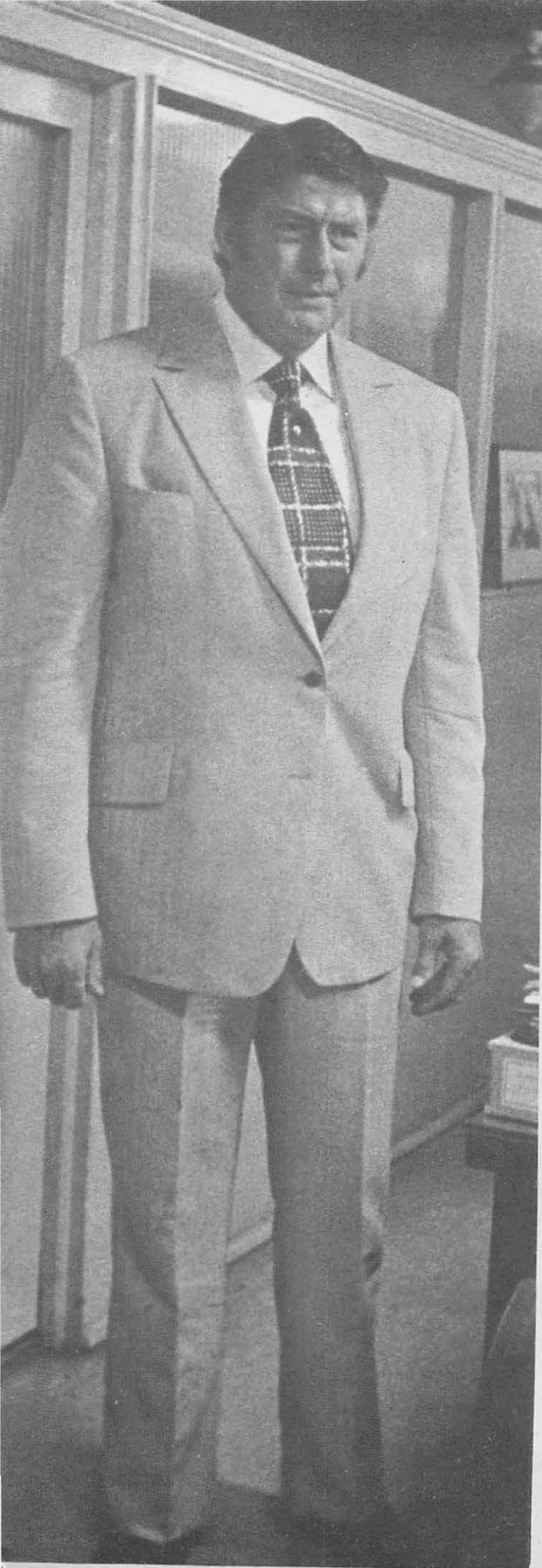
WRITTEN AND APPROVED

By Ed Carpentier

Because Kowalski was so much taller than me, I figured the first thing I had to do was cut him down to my size. The best way for me to do that was to hit him and hit him hard with dropkicks (below). The strategy did deliver the effects I wanted. It also made Kowalski go on the defensive, which is something he rarely does. When I had him weakened, I went to flying mares (right). Now and then I hurt him badly with leg flips (far right) and plain old smacks in the face (far right, below). But the hold that finished Kowalski and gave me the victory was the reverse "Indian Death-lock" (below, center).







LORD ATHOL LAYTON

SPELL IT C-L-A-S-S

Lord Athol Layton doesn't have one enemy in the world. His poise, stature, rugged good looks, courtly bearing, good humor and engaging smile make him wrestling's most unique personality.

THERE ARE FEW wrestlers in the northern United States or Canada who have been as unreservedly loved as Lord Athol Layton. In the area around Toronto and Detroit, he is respected as both a wrestler and a broadcaster. Yet when he first came to Canada, Lord Layton was booed as no wrestler before him.

"In my first bout I was matched against Whipper Billy Watson," Lord Layton remembers, "and in Canadian wrestling that's like wrestling God himself. And after what I did to him, you would have bet that chances of my ever being liked by Canadian fans were less than zero."

What Layton did was lay Watson out with a single judo chop. Billy was forced to spend five days in the hospital recovering, and overnight Layton became the most unpopular man in Toronto.

Eventually, even the Torontonians forgave him, and he became as big a favorite as Watson. But it was in the capital city of Ottawa, which he considers "Canada's number one riot town," that Layton's name was splashed across the sports pages of all Canada.

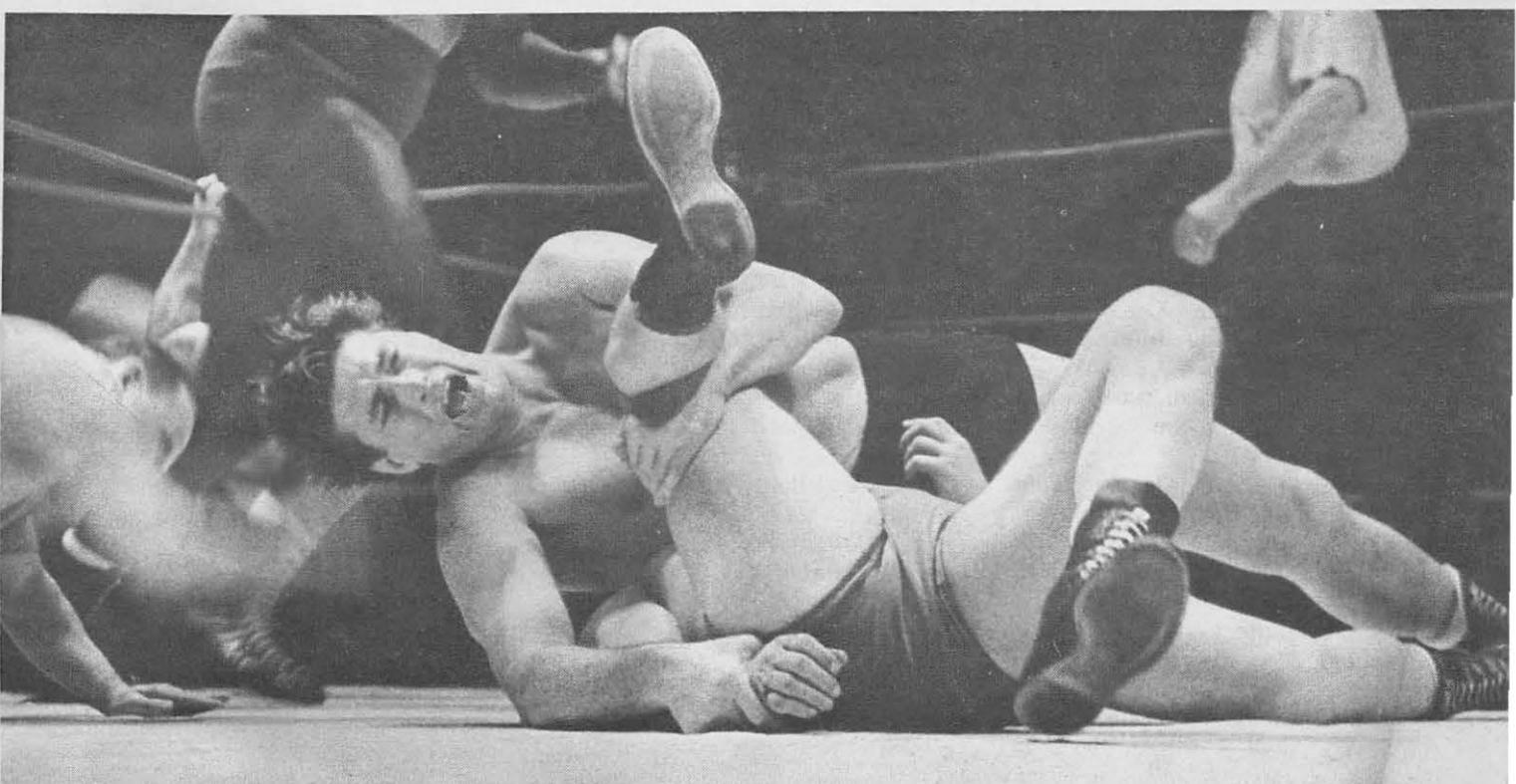
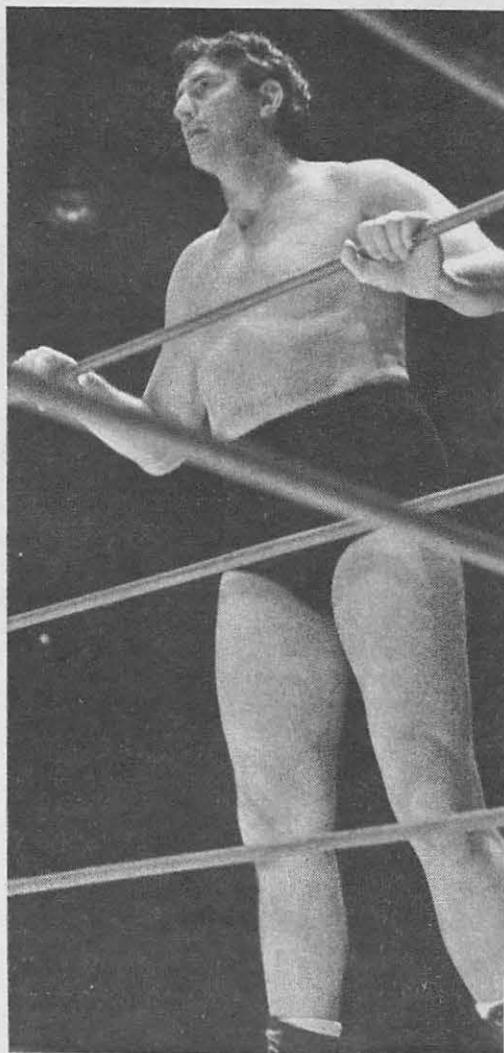
The Ottawa promoters liked to match English Canadians against French Canadians, and one night Layton found himself tangling with Yvon Robert, the idol of French

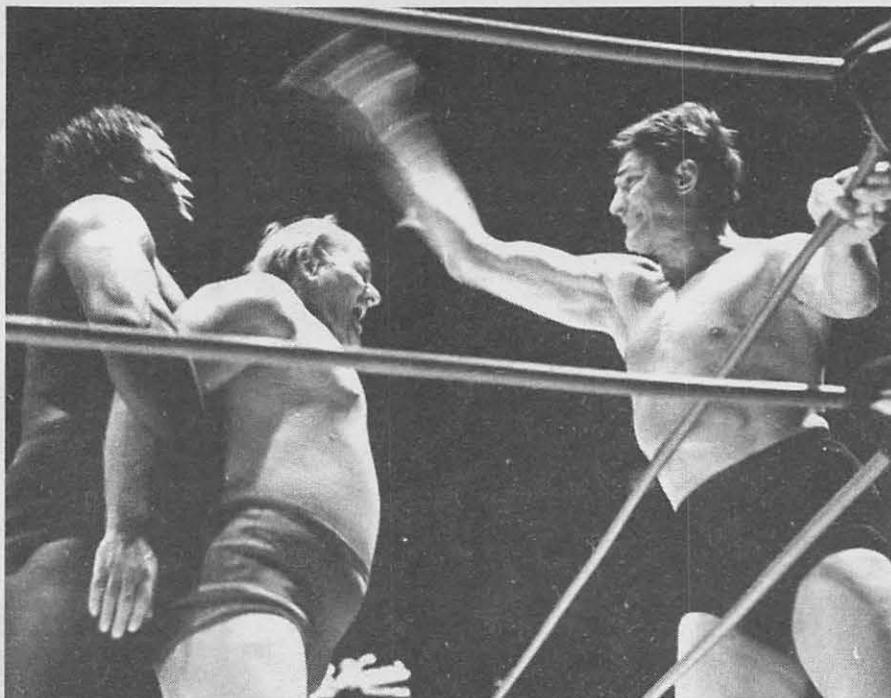
Canada. When the inevitable clash between fans developed, a full-scale war broke out and the French fans stormed the ring.

"Is there not one brave Englishman in the house?" Layton screamed out. Sure enough, one brave man started for the ring to protect the Lord. He never made it. But his diversionary tactic was enough to allow Layton to reach the safety of the dressing room. "I saw that chap an hour later," Layton laughingly recalled, "and he was still battling out there in the street."

An Australian, Lord Athol Layton began his athletic career as a professional boxer and won the Australian heavyweight title in 1944, chalking up 19 first-round knockouts along the way. But after a World War II stint in the Aussie army, Layton decided his future was in professional wrestling. He received his opportunity by joining a troupe of wrestlers in Singapore—a city that gave him more than his share of excitement, the very commodity for which he had

A concerned Lord Layton looks on as partner Bobo Brazil gets worked over by Gallagher Bros. during 1963 bout (right). He clamps leglock on Mike Gallagher as Bobo keeps Doc away (below).





been searching.

It was while in Singapore he learned of the death of an uncle who had left him a castle and estate in England. He was now a Lord. But when he arrived in England, he also learned that back taxes and other debts more than wiped out the estate and his inheritance, and all he had was the title.

After traveling throughout the Far East gaining wrestling experience, Lord Layton arrived in Canada and the fateful bout with Watson. As his reputation grew, Lord James Blears, a World War II hero wrestling in Buffalo, heard about him. It was a natural that the two would join. When they did, the combination of Lord Blears and Lord Layton became one of the most colorful and talented tag-teams ever. In 1953, they won the British Empire Tag Team Championship, as well as the Canadian Open Tag Team title. On the west coast, they won the International TV Tag Team crown from Wilbur Snyder and Bobo Brazil, and topped it all off by winning the world title in Chicago!

The courageous Lords met team after team and might have gone on forever had not fate intervened in Los Angeles. During a title defense, Lord Layton sustained a vicious thumb jab in the corner of his left eye. The optic nerve was badly bruised and there was internal hemorrhaging. A shadow began to form over the pupil. The shadow would increase, doctors told Layton, until total blindness would set in. He'd never wres-

tle again!

After one operation failed, Layton submitted to a second one. It was clearly a last ditch attempt, and a pretty hopeless one at that. The odds against his regaining his sight were 1,000 to one. But call it a miracle or whatever you prefer—his sight returned. Lord Layton would wrestle again!

And he did, gaining popularity wherever he appeared. He was voted the "Comeback of the Year" award by sportswriters, but when Blears

Layton and Brazil rest in the corner between falls. Lord Layton's title is a real one, inherited upon the death of an uncle. But when he went to England to claim his inheritance and castle, he found back taxes and debts had wiped everything out, and all that remained was his title. "He may be royalty," Bobo says, "but he's the most down to earth guy I've ever met. It's always a pleasure being with him."

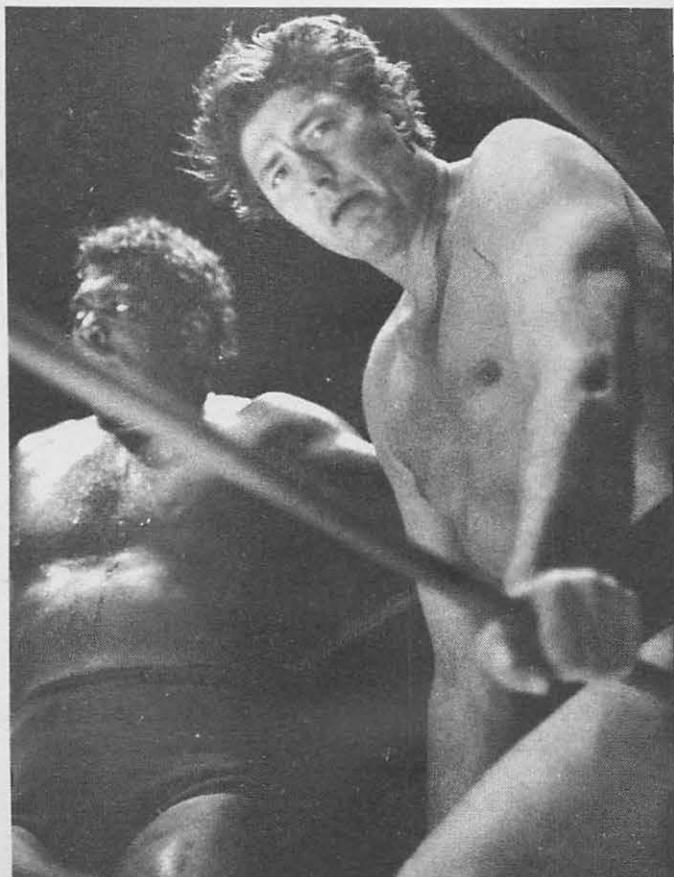
Brazil holds Doc Gallagher as Layton judo chops him. The chop is so fast and powerful it is only a blur despite the high-speed film photographer used. Brazil says he learned a lot by teaming with Lord Layton.

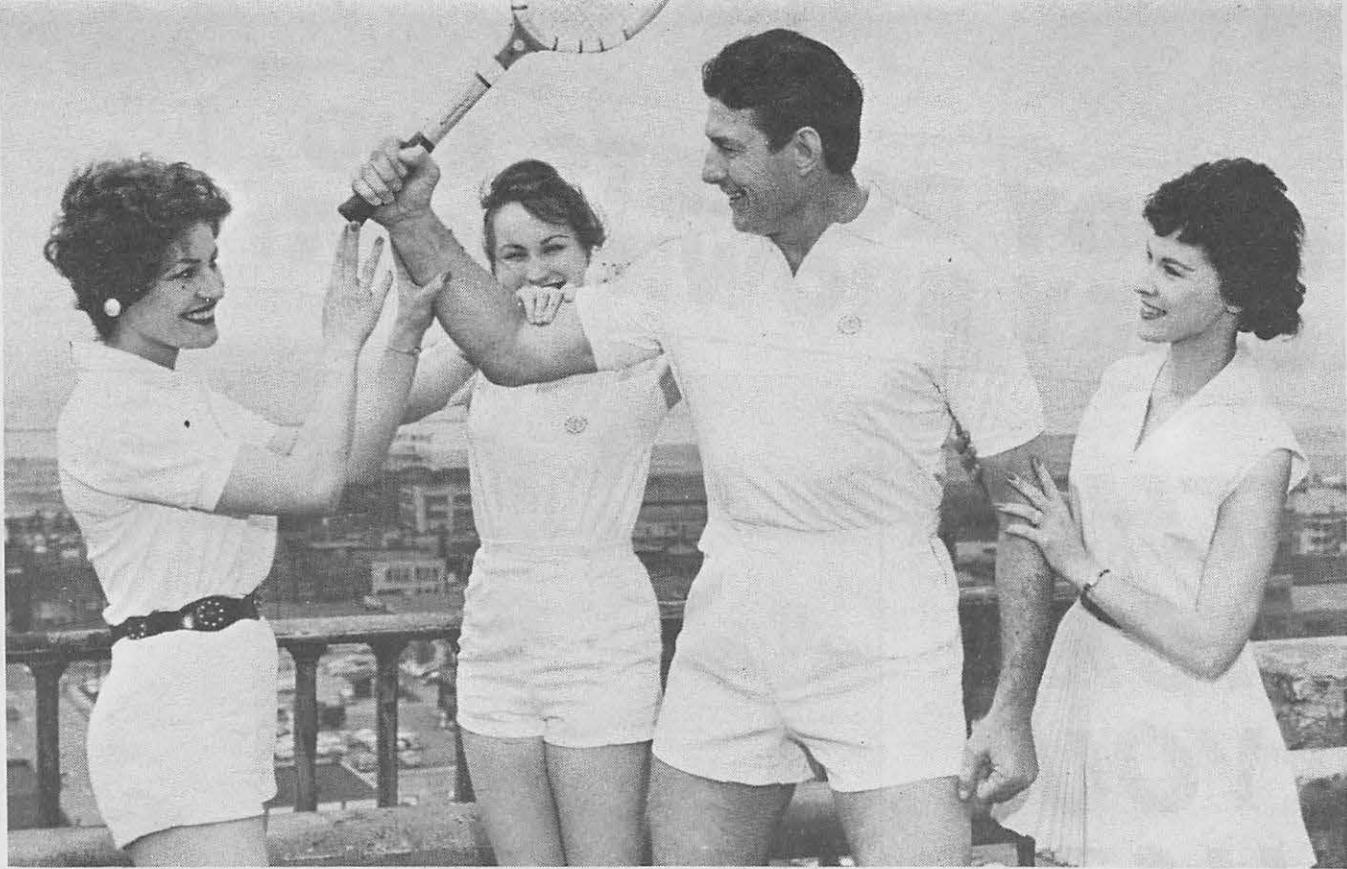
wanted to travel around the country and Layton wanted to stay close to the Buffalo-Toronto area, the team split up.

It was here that the well-mannered and well-spoken wrestler began a new career, that of sports commentator. Buffalo promoter Pedro Martinez handed Lord Layton the microphone for the Friday night bouts and a star was born.

Layton was a different kind of announcer—one who had the courage of his convictions. If the match was boring or dull—he'd say so. He campaigned against the unorthodox antics of the villains and many took offense at his disparaging remarks. He raised so much hell over the microphone, the villains challenged him to return to the ring and put his money where his mouth was. The Lord obliged, as usual, and met and defeated them all, one by one by one.

Through it all, Layton displayed a quick sense of humor and gentlemanliness that became his trademarks. One anecdote that is always





Pretty tennis players admire Lord Layton's powerful forearm muscles (above). He's possibly the best tennis player among the wrestlers. Left: Layton interviews Karl Gotch on his television program. The Lord has successfully combined the two careers he loves most.

retold whenever wrestlers discuss Lord Layton is his reply when an interviewer asked him if he bore any grudge against the man who blinded him by sticking a thumb in his eye.

"That chap got exactly what he deserved," Athol quipped. "He married a lady wrestler!"

Still combining a wrestling and announcing career, Layton's popularity is such it rivals that of Whipper Billy Watson—Canada's favorite son. He spends innumerable hours lecturing before youth groups and is a sought-after speaker by school and community groups. Non-wrestling fans are stunned when they hear him speak. "I never knew the sport had such gentlemen," one lady said.

From the dingy rings of Singapore to the heights of world champion to the dreaded fear of life-long blindness, Lord Athol Layton's career has been a series of mountains and val-

leys. Yet through the good times and bad, he has never changed his optimistic view of life, his outgoing personality or his friendliness towards all men. "He simply does not have an enemy in the world," said one old-time wrestler. "He's just the nicest guy the sport has ever had."

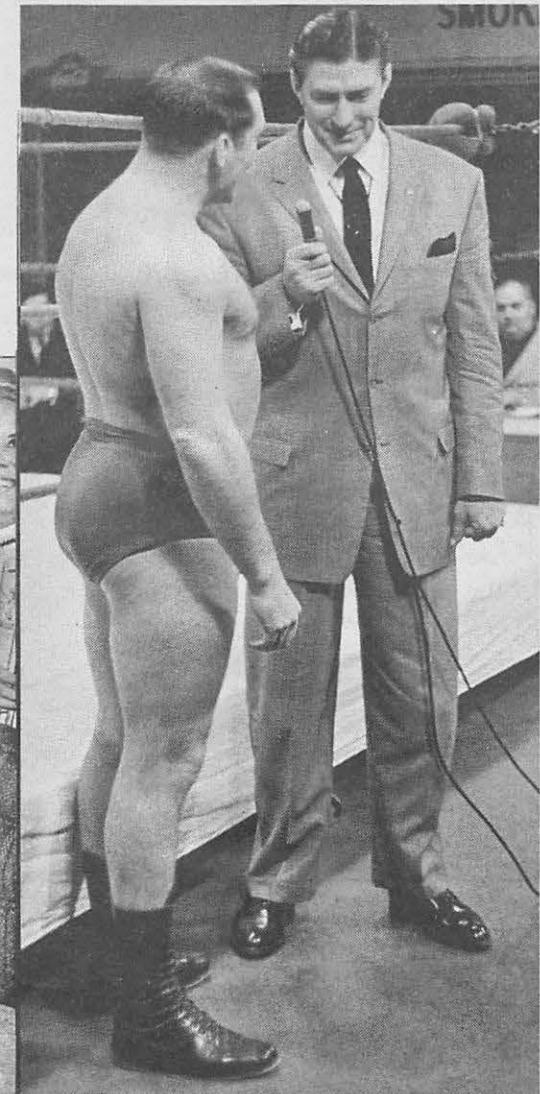
One day Lord Layton will retire. Even men who stand 6-6 and weigh 275 pounds with a body like steel get old. But he's even optimistic about that.

"There are a great many exceptional young wrestlers coming up," he noted, "and they're a new breed of wrestlers, college men. They're well-trained, smart, big and strong. They'll be taking over soon and I say more power to them. I'll be happy to stay at the microphone."

"I'll leave the ring with no regrets. I've had a very good life in wrestling. I've traveled, seen the world and met many fine people. I've had my chance and it's only fair to give the others theirs. When the time comes I'll wish them the best of luck."

When he does call it quits, wrestling will lose one of its truly distinguished personalities. Few wrestlers have ever combined the poise, stature, rugged good looks, courtly bearing, good humor and engaging smile this man has. Lord Athol Layton gives wrestling one important commodity it often lacks.

Class!

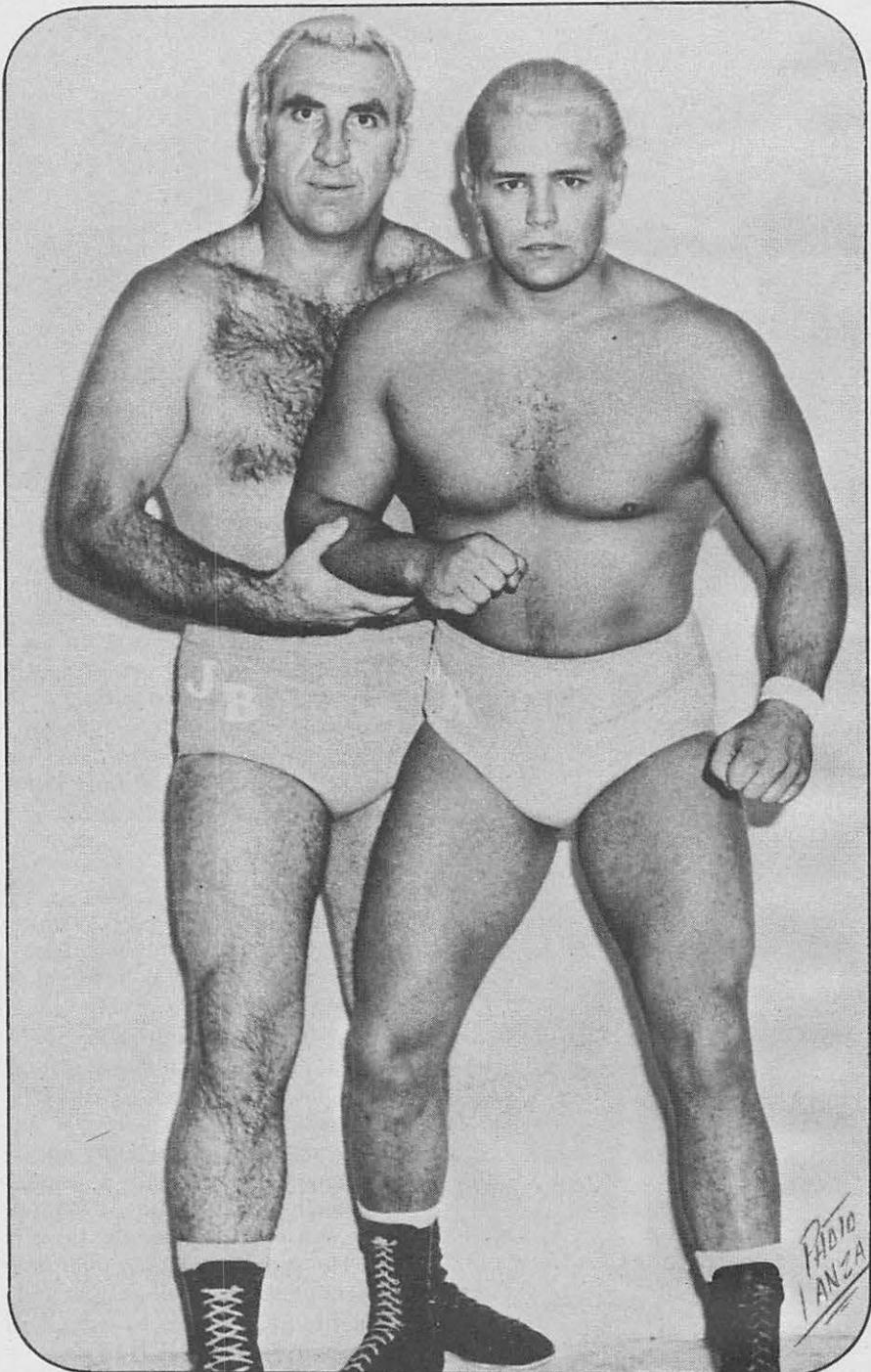


□

BUDDY ROBERTS AND GERRY BROWN INSIST:

**"THE
MORE
YOU
HATE
US
THE
BETTER
WE
LOVE
IT!"**

Gerry Brown (left) and Buddy Roberts insist boos of a crowd are the real sounds of success.



"I used to go to sleep at night hoping I'd get up during a full moon and turn into a werewolf," admits Buddy Roberts. "From as far back as I could remember—I wanted to be a villain—a bad guy!"

EVERY LITTLE BOY, at one time in his life, wants to become a fireman, or a baseball player, or an astronaut, or a truck driver. Not too many six-year-olds dream of becoming vacuum cleaner salesmen or insurance agents or boutique managers.

And certainly no child dreams of growing up to become the meanest, nastiest, most hated villain there ever was.

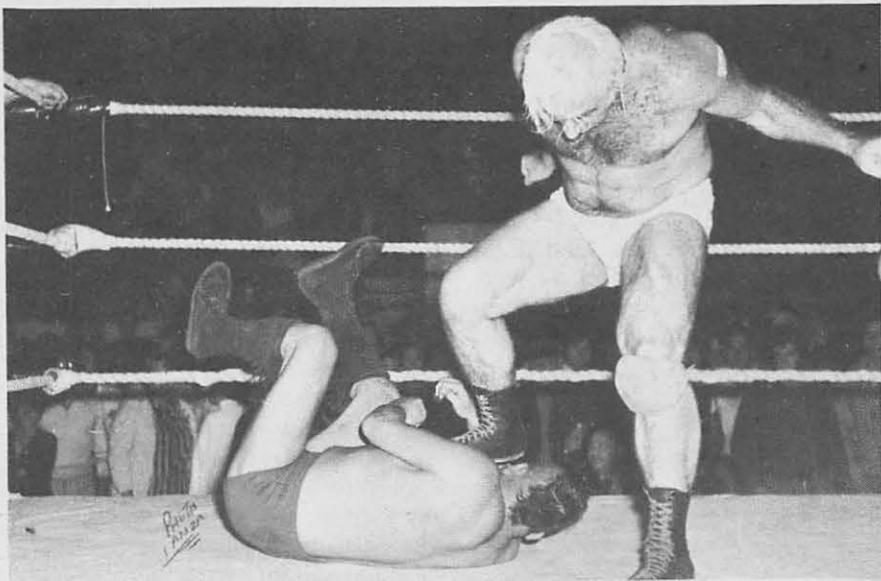
Well one child did. And after a long struggle, Buddy Roberts finally got to be what he wanted the most. A villain.

"When I was just a little kid," Buddy remembers, "I used to watch all the horror movies and monster pictures I could. I watched the villains, actors like Lon Chaney Jr., John Carradine, Vincent Price and Peter Lorrey. I loved them. I thought it was absolutely sensational the way they were able to scare people. I used to go to sleep at night hoping I'd get up during a full moon and turn into a werewolf. Other kids collected pictures of baseball players. I collected pictures of Dracula, the Hunchback of Notre Dame and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. From as far back as I could remember—I wanted to be a villain, a bad guy!"

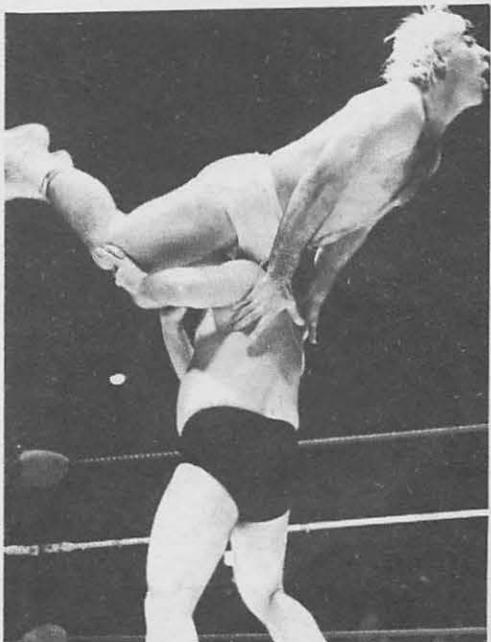
For a dream like that, there's only one place for a young man to head—Hollywood. That's exactly where Buddy went, hoping to get parts in horror movies.

"In Hollywood, nobody wants to work in those Grade-B horror flicks," Buddy said. "Everybody sees himself as the romantic lead or the war hero or something like that. Not me. I asked for parts in those horror flicks. Except everywhere I went I got the same answer. I wasn't scary-looking enough. I had a baby-face. And even with makeup I wouldn't look sinister enough to make one little girl cringe in terror in her theater seat."

Gerry Brown also had movie aspirations. But when the big studios all began to slash budgets, and low-budget films became an economic necessity, he found that getting movie roles, any kind of roles, was be-



Gerry Brown shows Chief War Eagle his own version of the war dance as he stomps on the Chief's head (above). That sends War Eagle on the warpath and he practically twists Brown into a pretzel as he applies his Crossbow Clutch, a submission hold (below). At right, Brown is catapulted halfway across the ring by Gino Brito after trying to stomp Brito's head off. Brown likes being a villain for the money, while Roberts enjoys it simply to wreak havoc.



coming impossible. A former college wrestler, Gerry turned to the pro mat to augment his income from the few and far-between acting assignments.

"I met Buddy on the set of a low-budget movie they were shooting at a small Hollywood studio," Gerry recalled. "We both had landed bit parts in a cowboy flick and we were outlaws. We were supposed to beat up the sheriff in one scene. We did

too good a job. One guy playing a deputy hit me too hard by accident. Before I realized it, my natural reaction, because of my wrestling background, was to belt him. I did. Meanwhile, Buddy was trying to impress the director with how mean an outlaw he could be. He started stomping the actor who played the sheriff. We both got thrown off the set."

Over a cup of coffee, Buddy told Gerry of his childhood dream of becoming a villain and how no casting director would give him that kind of part because he wasn't evil-looking enough. Gerry asked him if he wanted to be just a movie villain or any kind of a villain. He said he just wanted to be a villain.

"What about wrestling?" Gerry asked.

"Wrestling?" Roberts replied.

"Yeah. Wrestling," Gerry said. "It's what I do to keep alive when I'm not acting. We could team up and become villains. I'm getting tired of waiting around, hoping for parts. It's like chasing a rainbow that isn't there. There are so many unemployed actors around chances of getting any steady work are slim. There's a good buck in wrestling.

This remarkable photo sequence shows Buddy Roberts flying off top rope (left) and crashing onto War Eagle's neck (below).



Even the Vachons aren't exempt from Roberts' terror as Mad Dog's charge is halted by a vicious kick to the groin.

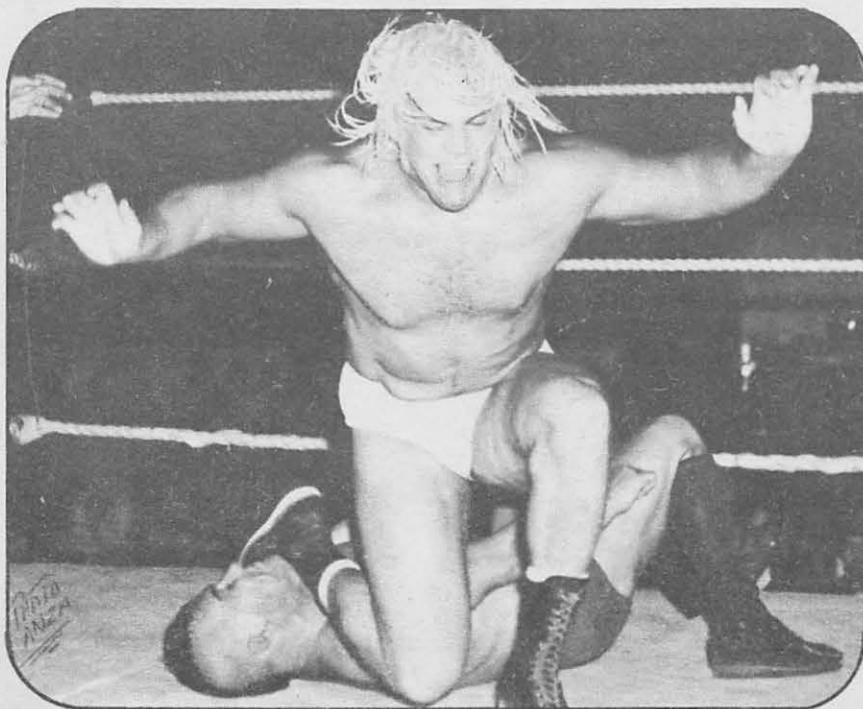
I'd get the money I'm looking for and you'd get your chance to be a villain. How about it?"

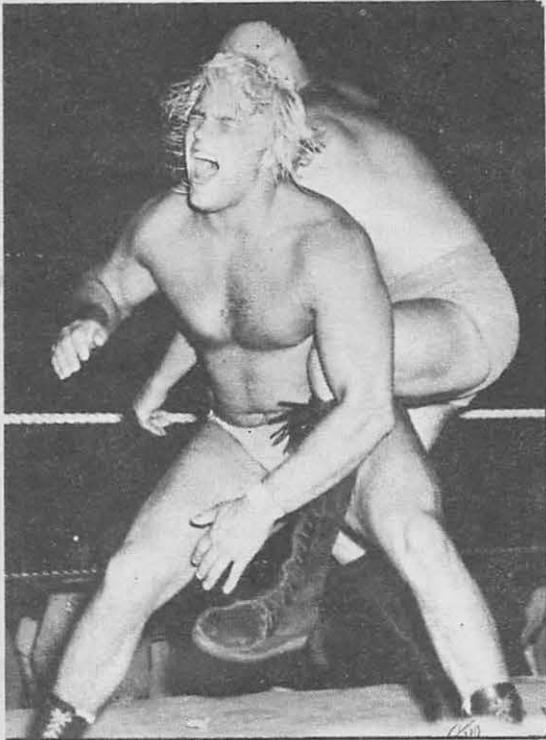
The more Buddy thought about it the more he liked it. It was even better than the movies. In the movies he'd have to wear makeup or a mask or some kind of disguise to be a villain. In wrestling he could be a villain no matter what his face looked like.

Day and night Gerry instructed Buddy in the intricacies of the sport. "It was unbelievable at the beginning," he remembers. "All Buddy wanted to do was kick and punch and stomp—even when we were just working out in the gym. He didn't want to learn any holds. 'I don't want to be a wrestler,' he told me. 'I just want to be a villain.'

"I told him he'd have to learn to wrestle or else he'd never get a chance to practice his villainy. The other wrestlers would tear him up before he ever got the chance. He finally agreed and really buckled down. He worked harder than before. It took a year before I thought we were ready for the bigger cities."

After polishing their trade in the smaller arenas around California and Oregon, Roberts and Brown headed east. They decided to take



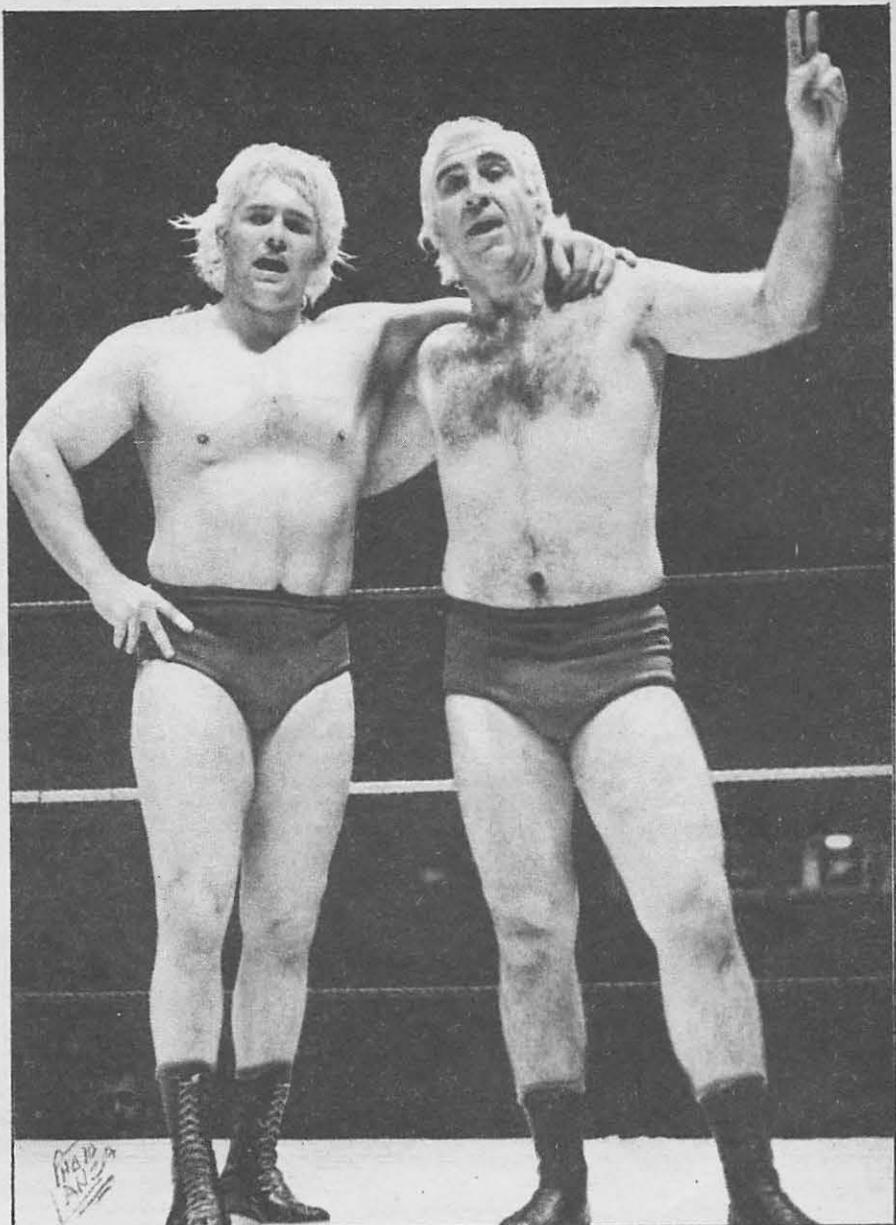


Billy Two Rivers applies the Abdominal Stretch to a howling Roberts. Yes, Buddy, even the best villains get their lumps.

root in Montreal. It wasn't long before their brand of mayhem received rave reviews.

"Buddy Roberts and Gerry Brown, a pair of wrestling meanies," one sportswriter wrote, "are as vicious as any tag-team to come into these parts in a long time—and we've seen them all. The obvious delight they share in torturing their helpless victims reminds us of the likes of Killer Kowalski, Gene Kiniski and some of the other famous bad men who have appeared in this area. These blonds from Hollywood, California, look like the kind of men who'd push a grandmother in a wheelchair down a flight of stairs—just for laughs. They will go far in their chosen profession."

When Buddy read that review, written after he and Gerry practically disemboweled the team of War Eagle and Billy Two Rivers, he was in seventh heaven. "I felt like a Broadway actor who just received rave reviews in his new play," he



Roberts (above, left) and Brown soak up the boos of the crowd after demolishing Billy Two Rivers and Chief War Eagle. "We hope the people never stop hating us," they insist, "because we love to be hated!"

said. "I was a hit as a villain. I'd finally made it."

Neither Gerry, at 6-1, 235-pounds, nor Buddy, six feet and 230 pounds, look particularly villainous—especially Buddy. He still has problems with his baby face.

"One night we were wrestling in a new city, a place we never appeared in before," he said. "Nobody knew us. A very pretty teen-age girl came up to me and asked for my autograph before the match. 'You don't want my autograph,' I told her. She said she did. I told her I was a bad guy, one of the meanest people in the world. I even told her I like to overturn baby carriages and beat up defenseless old women. She wouldn't

believe me. She said I couldn't be mean with such a cute face. I finally gave her the autograph. After the match, in which we really did a job on a couple of local favorites, she came up to me with tears in her eyes.

"'Here's your lousy autograph back,' she told me, throwing the paper at me. 'I never want to see your ugly face again. You're the meanest person I ever saw. I hate you!'

"She never knew it, but when she said that she made me the happiest person in the world. If an innocent, pretty, trusting little girl could hate me so much—I know I'm a success.

"It took a long time but my dream came true. I am Buddy Roberts—villain!"

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Beast her favorite.
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favorite. Likes good
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DONALD MACKEY (15)
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Likes stamps, reading.
Gene Kiniski his
favorite. Likes good and
bad guys. Anyone for PPs.



HOWARD TABB (13)
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NMB., FL 33162
Likes all sports. Jack
Brisco his favorite.
Likes good and bad guys.
Anyone for pen pals.



STEVE LISLE (20)
709B 2nd Ave. SE
Moultere, GA 31768
Likes wrestling. Dale
Lewis his favorite.
Likes good guys. Anyone
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SUSAN AMANOVIDCH (11)
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Mpls., MN 55403
Likes knitting, reading.
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L.C. CARTER JR. (15)
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Dayton, OH 45418
Likes electronics. Bobo his favorite. Likes bad guys. Girls for PPs.



KENNETH EVANS (18)
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Victor Rivera his favorite.
Likes good and bad guys. Anyone for pen pals.



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c/o Hotel InterContinental
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Likes good guys.
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BILL CHERRY (22)
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Memphis, TN 38127
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DIANE MOTLEY (11)
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Danville, VA 24541
Collects wrestling books.
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Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



AMY MARENBURG (9)
14 Clark St.
Randolph, MA 02368
Likes skating, drawing.
Eric the Red her favorite.
Likes good guys.
Anyone for PPs.



MARK GARY (10)
1501 Shafter
San Angelo, TX 76901
Likes writing. Gorgeous George his favorite.
Likes good guys.
Anyone for PPs.



LORENZO NEVARRO (34)
190 E. Warren Ave.
Lanthrop, CA 95330
Likes wrestling, boxing.
Ray Stevens his favorite.
Likes good guys.
Boys for PPs.



SCOTTY KILGORE (13)
1323 Kenwood
San Angelo, TX 76901
Likes music, travel.
Gorgeous George his favorite.
Likes good guys. Anyone for PPs.



LINDA McGEE (14)
5400 Loch Lomand
Houston, TX 77035
Likes surfing, horses.
Johnny Valentine her favorite.
Likes good guys. Boys for PPs.



EARL MIDDLETON (57)
516 N. Benton
St. Charles, MO 63301
Likes cars. Pat O'Conner his favorite.
Likes good and bad guys.
Anyone for pen pals.



Terry Funk is body-blocked by Assassin #1 while the other one tries to follow Dory Funk Jr. out of the ring after Dory was thrown into the third row of seats (below). At left, Assassin #1 angrily complains to promoter Paul Jones (outside ring) and announcer Ed Capral when scheduled opponents refused to wrestle because of new insurance law.



THE MURDEROUS

But How Can You Tell

Georgia promoters are running scared. They've got tag-team champions everyone hates. And that team is so deadly, it's becoming difficult to find anybody willing to face them!

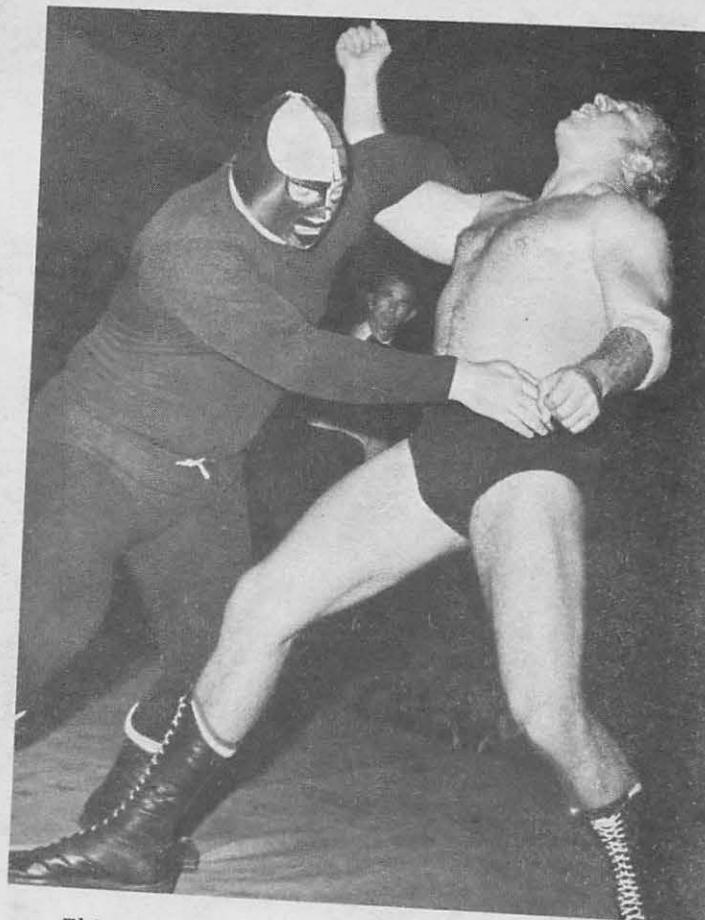
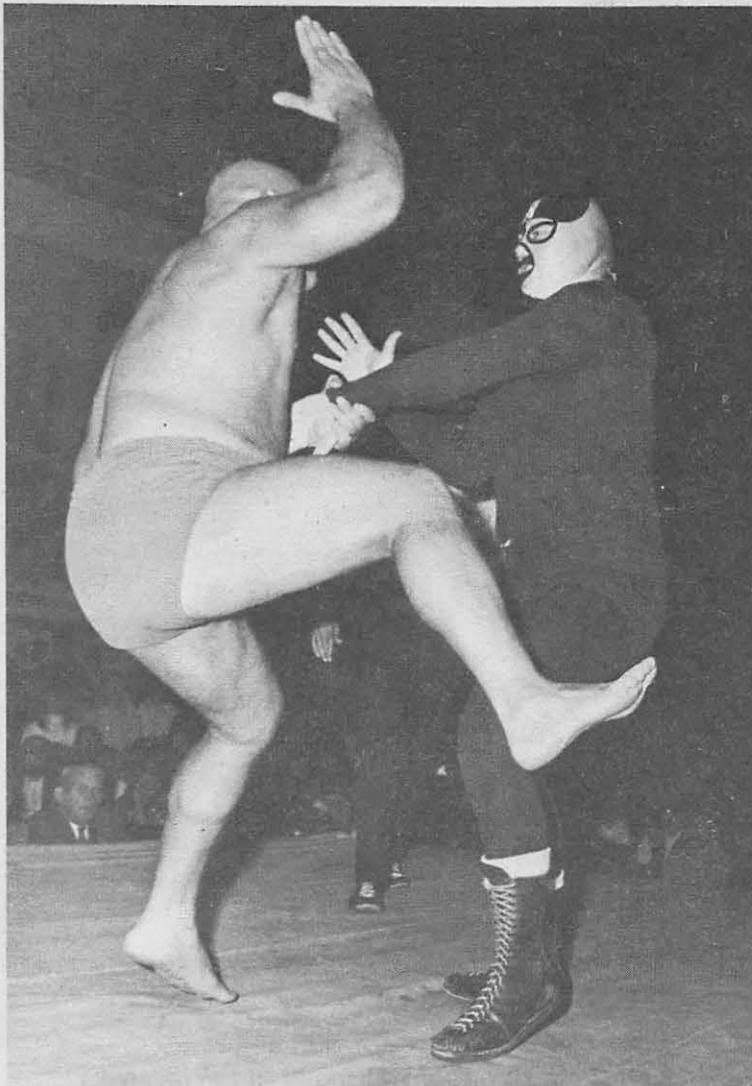
ONE WRONG MOVE, one bad fall, one missed dropkick and a wrestler's career may be ended in a snap. Because of this, it is costly for wrestlers to obtain insurance and disability coverage. The companies feel the risks are too great.

For years, wrestlers have had to

pay premiums as much as 10 times the amount other workers or even other professional athletes paid. And now, the Wrestling Insurance Underwriters Association of America, the group which handles all professional wrestling insurance cases, says it may cut out insurance in some in-

stances altogether. David Harold, president of the WIUAA, explained why.

"Although professional wrestlers pay the highest premiums in the world," Harold explained, "our organization cannot keep up with the claims lodged by certain wrestlers."



El Mongol tries to judo chop Assassin #2, but he got the Assassin's fingers jabbed into his eyes before he could chop him (left). Paul DeMarco is tripped and taken down by Assassin #1 as he tries to help his temporarily blinded partner (above).

ASSASSINS

One From the Other?

For example, there was a motion passed by our board of governors to deny insurance to any wrestler who faces the Assassins. These people have caused so many injuries we just don't want to insure their opponents any more. It's too risky."

That, of course, presents problems for a pair of promoters in the Georgia area, Fred Ward and Paul Jones.

"The Assassins are the Georgia State Tag-Team Champions," Jones said. "They won the belt fair and square. But the fans hate them. The Assassins are a violent bunch. Now the WIUAA refuses to insure anybody who wrestles them. What wres-

tlers in their right minds would step into a ring against the Assassins, knowing they could be paralyzed for life, without insurance? At this rate we'll never find enough willing opponents. We'll be stuck with the Assassins forever!"

Jones' point was driven home one night recently, when popular Dick Steinborn and George Scott were brave enough to tangle with the hated champions in Atlanta.

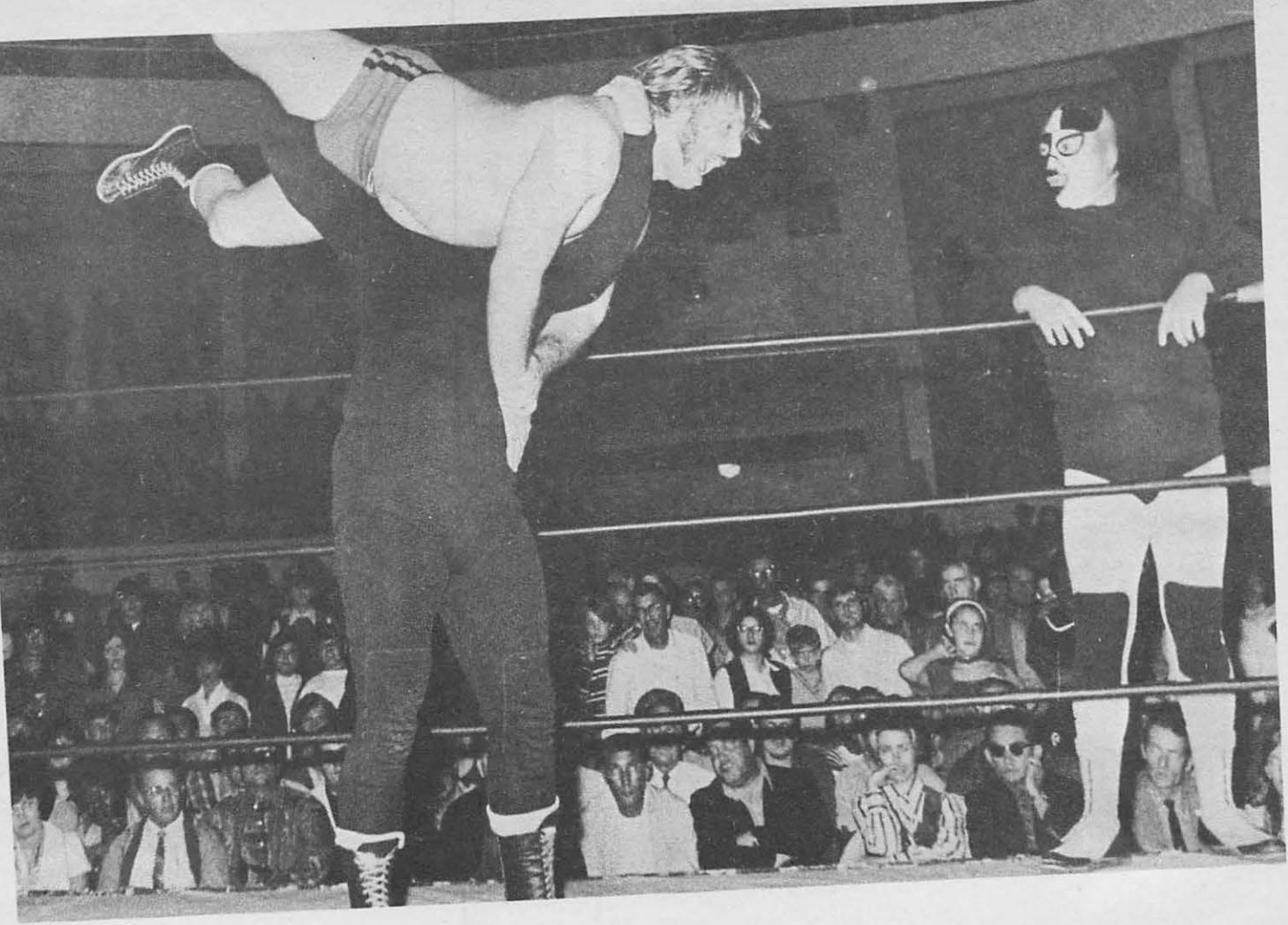
During the final fall, one of the Assassins hurled Steinborn over the top rope. Dick landed head-first on the concrete floor. The Assassin followed that up with a knee drop from

the top rope, crashing his knee into Dick's neck.

A hushed audience waited for Dick to get up. But he didn't. Afraid to move him, he was made as comfortable as possible on the cold, hard concrete, as they waited for an ambulance. Preliminary diagnosis—a broken neck!

Right after that incident, another team scheduled to face the Assassins a few days later, in promoter Fred Ward's Columbus, Georgia, arena, backed out. One member of that team, who refused to let his name be used, explained his decision.

"I saw what happened to Stein-



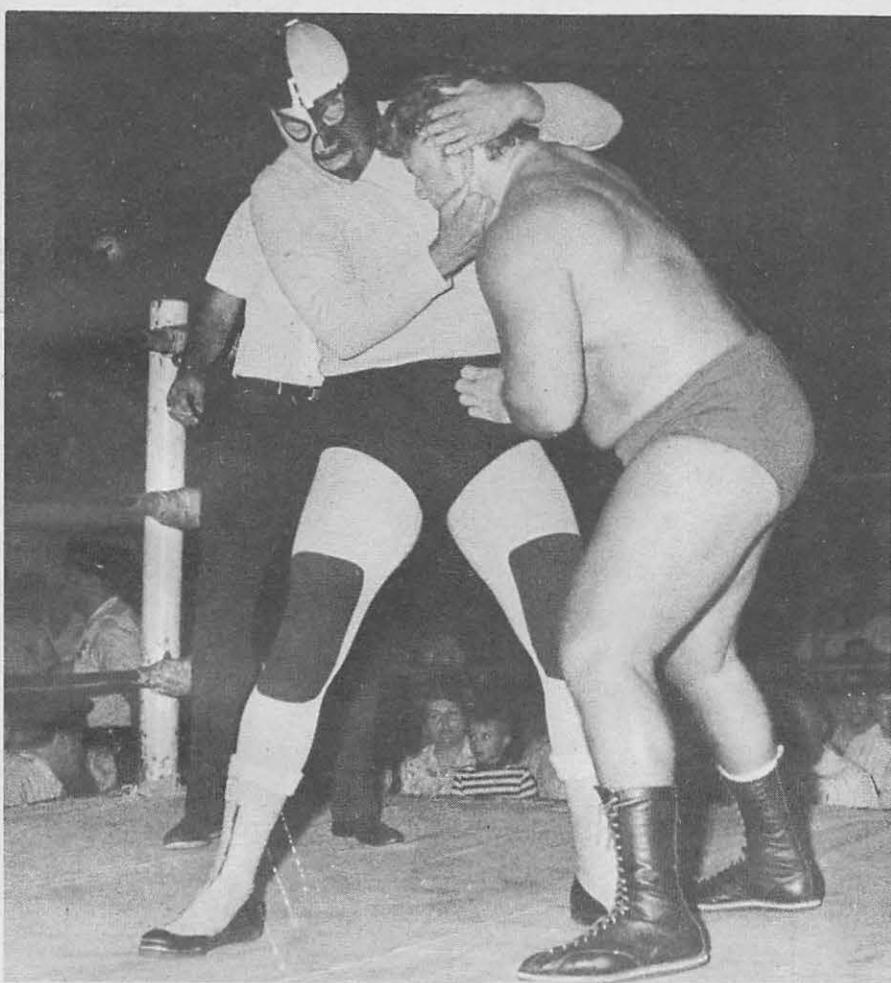
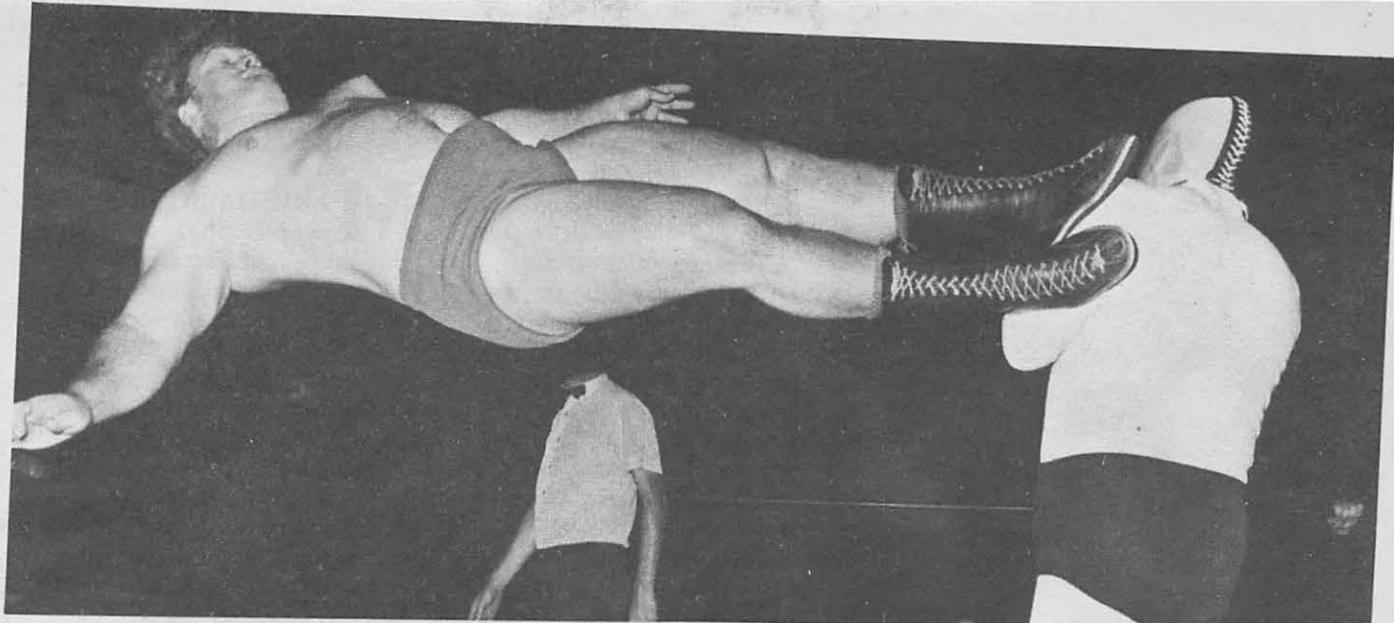
Bobby Shane is on the receiving end of a vicious body slam (above). Bobby left Atlanta shortly after this bout. At left, the Assassins wait for bout to begin. Since the insurance rule was passed, they've had trouble finding opponents.

born," he said. "I hope to heaven it isn't true, but there's a possibility he has a broken neck and will never wrestle again. I'm a family man. I can't afford to leave my family without protection if something should happen. And if I get seriously injured by the Assassins—I don't get a dime. They're so destructive a wrestler who faces them can no longer get insurance. Would you go in the ring under those circumstances?"

"I told him that the contracts had been signed and I could sue him if he and his partner refused to wrestle the Assassins," Ward stated. "But what can I do? I'm not going to sue them. I really don't blame them. I wouldn't go in there myself under those circumstances. Now I've got a pair of tag-team champions everyone's scared to wrestle."

Even the Assassins themselves don't like the insurance organiza-





Doug Gilbert's dropkick slowed Assassin #1 temporarily (above), but Assassin #2 gets even by nearly twisting Ray Gunkel's head off his shoulders (left). No wonder their opponents cannot get insurance!

John Tolos did to Fred Blassie? Yet if I wrestled Tolos tomorrow I could get insurance, but he couldn't. And he blinded a man! I'm telling you they're out to get us. What'll happen next is they'll try to take the title away for 'lack of defenses.' Well how can we defend it if we can't get opponents?"

Dick Steinborn is not the first wrestler the Assassins sent to a hospital. He probably won't be the last. Unless, of course, the Assassins run out of victims willing to take a chance.

The problem seemingly has no solution. The Assassins will not tone down their kamikaze style, and as long as they won't their opponents will not get insurance. And if they can't, nobody will wrestle the Assassins. Something's got to give. And Georgia promoters like Fred Ward and Paul Jones wish they knew what it was! □

tion's policy. It hurts them right where it hurts the most—in their wallets.

"How are we going to make any money if everyone's scared to meet us," Assassin #1 said. "By refusing insurance to our opponents the organization is saying 'wrestle these guys at your own risk.' Any wrestler with brains would be crazy to take a chance like that. Meanwhile, we can't find opponents. What good is

being the holder of the tag-team belt if nobody is brave enough to try to take it away?"

"It's a plot against us!" Assassin #2 excitedly roared. "We were told that if we cut down on our violence the WIUAA would consider insuring our opponents again. That's discrimination! Why are Killer Kowalski's opponents allowed to get insurance? Why are The Sheik's opponents allowed to get insurance? Look what



Pretty Marie Darnell poses for photographer between falls of her bout against Tippy Wells (left). Tippy was angry when Marie interrupted match to pose for pictures. When Marie gets back to business, she's hardly the sweet southern belle as she tries to rip Tippy's arm right out of its socket (below). It seems Marie really is two people—a sweet flower and a deadly cobra!

By Mark Wallace

MARIE DARNEll is really two people. She's a wild tigress who pulls hair, scratches, punches and sometimes bites her opponents.

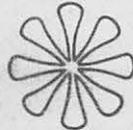
But stick a camera in front of her pretty face and she becomes a mild-mannered, soft-spoken good-humored southern belle who'll go out of her way to be nice to people.

Marie was wrestling Tippy Wells in the tiny town of Cummings, Georgia. And although the place was packed—Cummings isn't the kind of town that draws reporters from



* Marie Darnell *

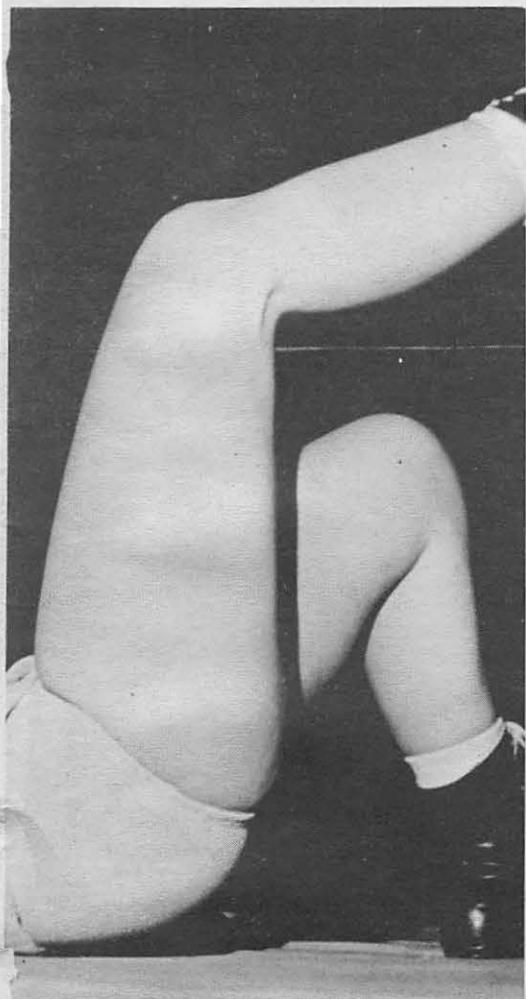
AS DEADLY AS



too many nationally-circulated magazines.

Just before the match began, I placed my camera on the ring apron preparing to shoot some pictures. What happened next was out of the ordinary—to say the least.

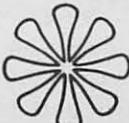
Although most people don't think so, being a wrestling photographer is a dangerous business. I once had a \$175 camera smashed to pieces by a girl wrestler. She didn't want me taking pictures of her because her hair was mussed up. Another time I had a bucket of water dumped on my head because a wrestler didn't



Unpredictable Marie rips punches into Tippy's stomach while pulling Tippy's hair down over the ropes with her other hand.

She'll anger a crowd by stopping in the middle of a match to pose for a picture. And the next minute she'll have them laughing and cheering wildly when she kisses the photographer. Who can figure our unpredictable Marie?

SHE IS LOVELY





Marie sends Tippy crashing to the mat with a perfect body slam. But when she continued to punish her after ordered to break—the referee had no choice but to disqualify Marie.

like the way the pictures from a previous story came out.

I've been bitten, scratched, slugged, used as a shield and have had my clothes ripped off. I don't know how many wrestlers have come flying out of the ring and landed in my lap—or how many times a thrown chair missed its intended target and landed on my head. But it's part of the job, and after a while you learn to expect anything. However, I've never had a wrestler hold up the beginning of a match so she could pose for me.

That's how I met Marie Darnell.

Marie, a very pretty, statuesque blonde, was wrestling Tippy Wells. I had never seen or met either of them. But as referee Eddie Smith called them together for the ring instructions, Marie spotted me, stopped the pre-bout activity, and walked over to where I was set up. And while Tippy and the referee waited—Marie began posing for pictures!

"We don't get too many big-time reporters and photographers down here," she said in a soft, feminine, southern accent, "so we're always happy to cooperate with the press."

I didn't believe it. I heard about southern hospitality before, but I never had a wrestler interrupt a match to pose for me. Embarrassed, I snapped a few quick ones and the

Angry with Marie's posing, Tippy Wells applies as much pressure as she can to double leglock. When Marie broke the hold, she slammed Tippy from ringpost to ringpost with all the savagery of a werewolf. Then she stopped, walked over to our photographer, smiled sweetly, and posed again!



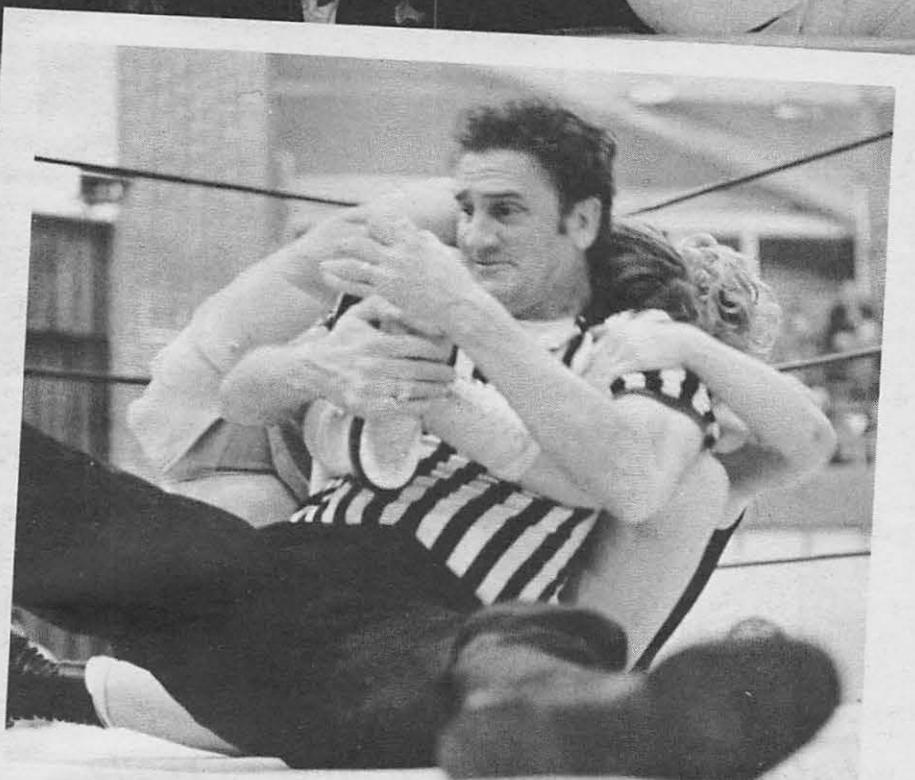
match began.

Like a werewolf when the moon turns full, the sweet, ladylike Miss Darnell turned into a raging maniac as soon as the bell rang. After softening up her opponent with a few forearm smashes, Marie grabbed Tippy's arm and whipped her into the turnbuckle. Not satisfied with that, she climbed up on the top rope and, while Tippy Wells writhed in pain on the mat, Marie came down with a

series of knee drops to her bosom!

Then came the hair. As Tippy struggled to her feet, Marie grabbed her hair and pulled her to the center of the ring. Still holding her scalp, she pulled Tippy around in circles until it seemed she might take off. And when the referee tried to intervene—he was sent sprawling into the corner.

Tippy never recovered from the onslaught and lost the first fall when



Marie applied her favorite hold—"The Rack."

Angered at her tactics, the crowd loudly booed Marie. But before the second fall began, she walked over to where I was sitting and started posing for pictures again.

Tippy was furious and complained to the referee about the delay in beginning the second fall. "But darling," Marie said to the ref in her sweetest voice, "we've got a guest from a big wrestling magazine sitting down here. We've got to treat him nicely."

The second fall went differently and Tippy was getting the better of things. When Marie crawled out of the ring to get a breather, Tippy didn't let up. Vaulting over the ropes, she chased Marie around the ring

until they came to where I was sitting. And while the crowd roared with laughter, Marie planted herself down in my lap, put her arms around my neck and dared Tippy to try and get at her!

Marie was disqualified for failing to return to the ring by the count of 20. In fact, she stayed where she was, borrowing my comb to fix her hair for more between-the-fall pictures.

During the final fall, Marie's personality changed again and she battered poor Tippy around the ring without mercy. She smashed her opponent's face into a turnbuckle and gouged her eyes. And when she refused to give up an obvious choke hold, the referee had no other choice



Tippy Wells smashes Marie to the canvas with a body scissors (above). And when referee Eddie Smith gets too close to the action—he finds himself all tied up in his work. "I don't mind getting into tangles like that," Eddie told us.

but to disqualify her, much to the delight of the audience.

I was still trying to figure out who the *real* Marie Darnell was. And as I looked up from my notes, who was standing there but Marie—ready for more pictures.

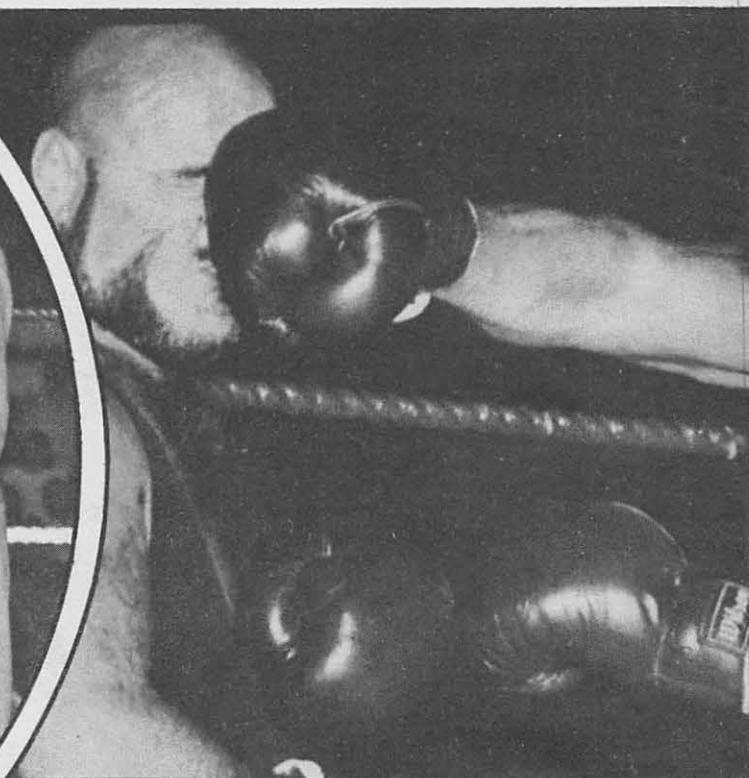
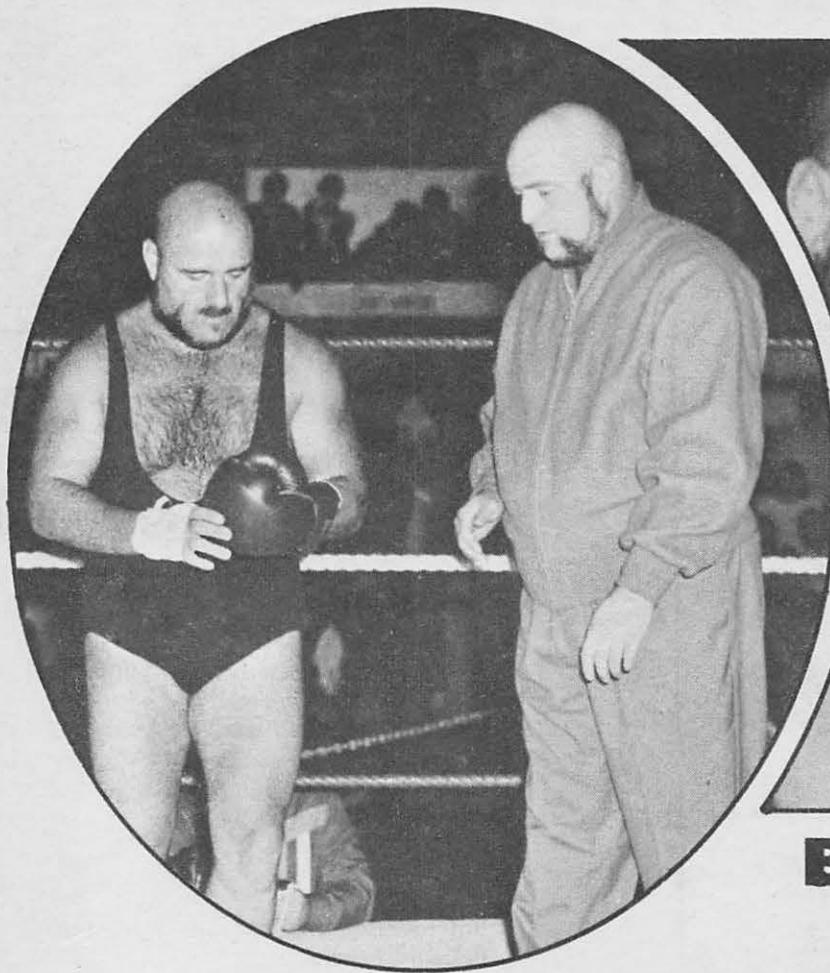
"I just want y'all to know," she announced to the crowd circled around us, "that this man came all the way from New York to write about us. Now we don't get too many visitors down here and I think we should thank him."

And with that, she threw her arms around me and planted a great big kiss right on my lips! The crowd went wild. And as Marie disappeared into the dressing room, I wondered how a pretty, young girl so full of hospitality could be the same raging maniac I saw only minutes earlier.

But I also knew that although I've covered wrestling matches in New York, Los Angeles, Chicago, Toronto, Miami, Dallas and dozens of other big cities—I was going to ask the boss for another trip to Cummings.

Let's face it. It sure beats having The Sheik smash a camera over my head! □

PUTTING ON BOXING GLOVES



BIGGEST MISTAKE EVER

Butcher Vachon watches as Mad Dog checks his gloves (above). Edouard Carpentier lands a right hand smash to Mad Dog's nose (above, right). This was the key punch of the fight.

Edouard Carpentier . . .

"I tried to think what I could do to this animal to really hurt him—to teach him a lesson he'd never forget. But the only thing that kept coming back in my mind was to ram my fist into his ugly face! Then it came to me... I'll box him."

BLOOD CASCADED FROM Mad Dog Vachon's nose as he sank to the canvas. The referee moved in to begin the count.

"One...two...three...four... five..."

Five? Hey! Wait a minute! Isn't a wrestler counted out when the referee gets to three? The answer, of course, is yes—except when that wrestler is boxing. And that's exactly how Mad Dog Vachon finally heard the 10 count—with boxing

gloves encasing his fists!

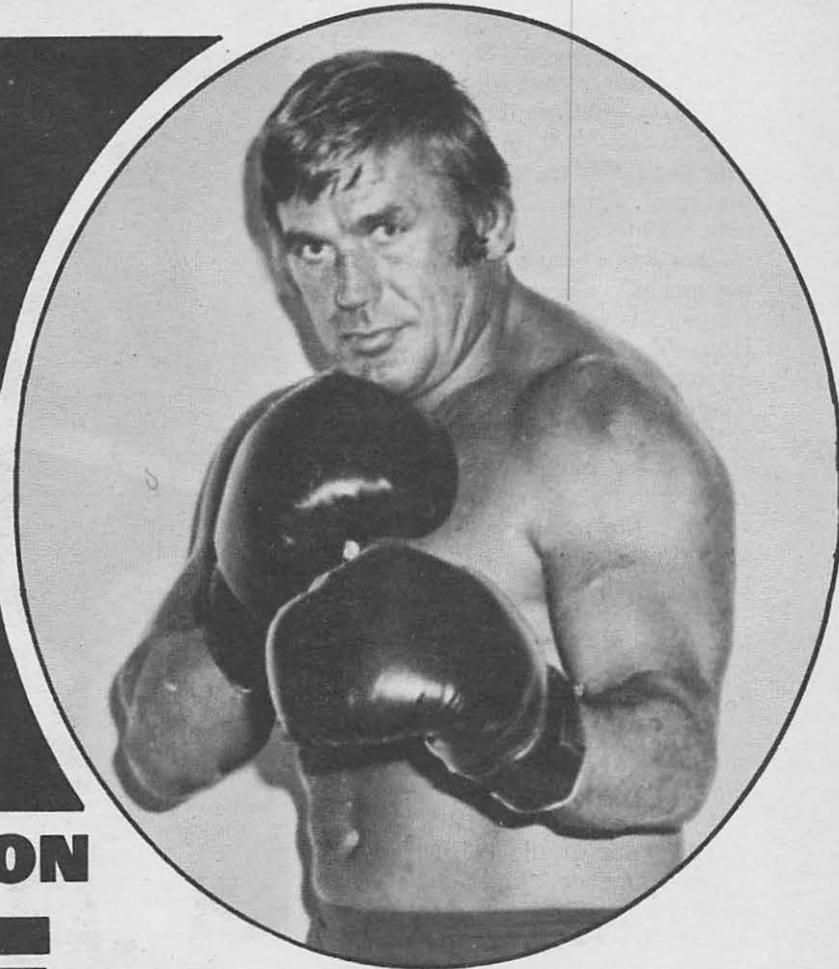
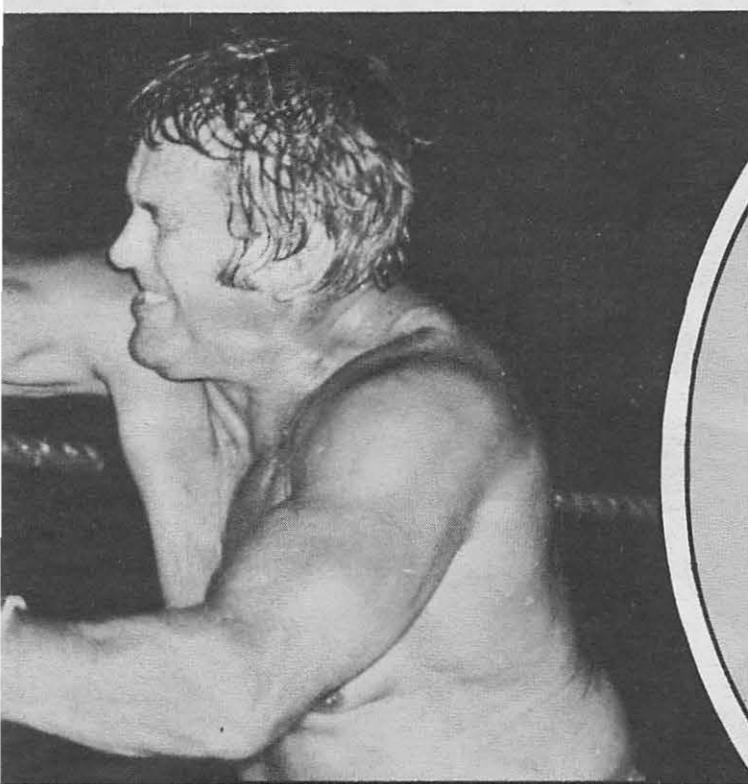
As Vachon lay on the canvas, standing in the neutral corner was Edouard Carpentier, world famous wrestler, but also the nephew of a world famous boxer, Georges Carpentier. And Edouard, who knocked Vachon out in the sixth round, was only too happy to tell us how they wound up with boxing gloves on.

"Vachon and I have been having some real wars," Carpentier said, "and the way he wrestles just got

me angrier and angrier. I grew to hate him more and more. Every time we met I wanted to punish him. I wanted to hurt him so badly he'd never forget it. But I knew that as long as we wrestled and his brother, Butcher, was close by, there was no hold I could apply that would really punish him the way I wanted to.

"I started to think about what I'd like to do to this animal and the only thing I could think of was ram-

WITH ED CARPENTIER!



MAD DOG VACHON MADE

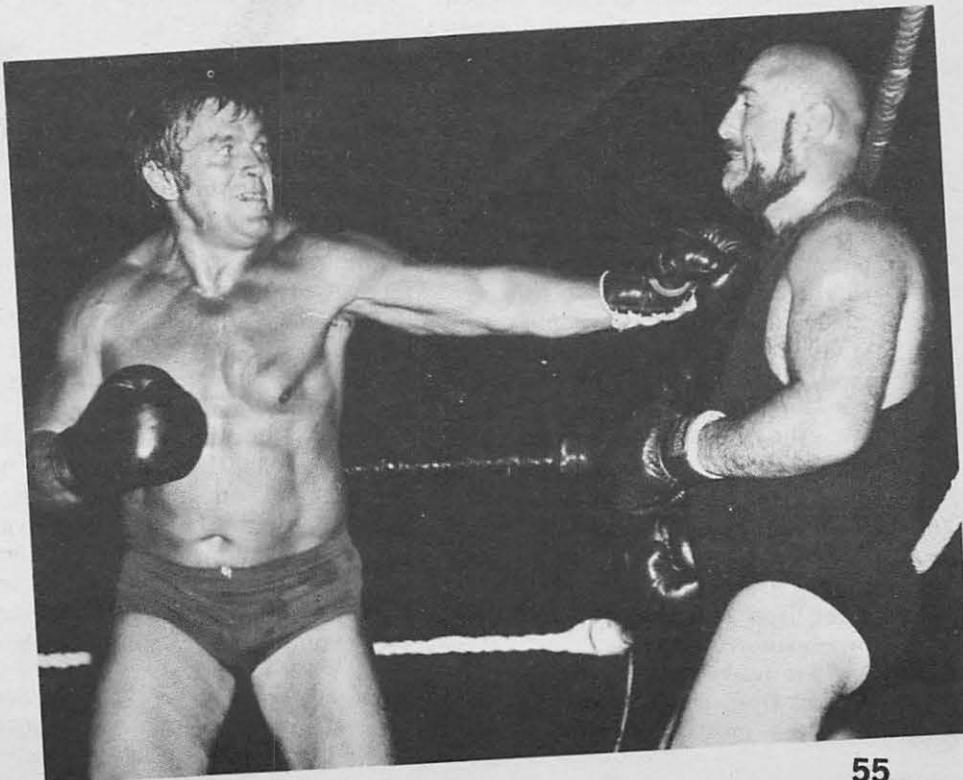
ming my fist as hard as I could into his ugly face! But, of course, I could not do that during a wrestling match. Then it hit me. Why not box him?"

Why not, indeed? So Carpentier, with visions of a bloody Vachon dancing in his head, went to see Verdun Auditorium promoter Lucien Gregoire.

"Why not?" insisted Carpentier, pleading his case. "He uses his fists in the ring all the time when he wrestles. Let us both put on boxing gloves and see how well he does with his fists when he's *supposed* to use them."

Carpentier issued a public challenge to Vachon, calling on him to "put up or shut up!" The people of Canada were quick to pick up Carpentier's rallying cry. And wherever Vachon appeared he was taunted and told to get in the ring with Edouard. Finally, Mad Dog's giant ego could take it no longer. *Continued*

Carpentier demonstrates the classic style taught to him by his famous uncle, Georges Carpentier (above), and uses it to set Vachon up on the ropes for a right cross (below).



"I am not afraid to get into the ring with that punk!" he roared. "I've beaten him in the wrestling ring and I'll do the same in the boxing ring! Carpentier can't box to save his life!"

That was where Vachon made his big mistake. There are hundreds of Carpentiers in French phone books. How was he supposed to know that Edouard was the nephew of Georges Carpentier?

Who was Georges Carpentier? Why he was only the man who, according to the great former heavyweight boxing champion Jack Dempsey, "hit me with the hardest punch I ever took."

Carpentier and Dempsey fought for the world's heavyweight championship in boxing's first million-dollar gate in 1921. So it was no accident that Georges' nephew Edouard knew a thing or two when it came to using his fists.

When Vachon agreed to the match, word of the pairing spread through Quebec like wildfire! And no less a celebrity than former Canadian Heavyweight Champion Bob Cleroux volunteered to referee the bout.

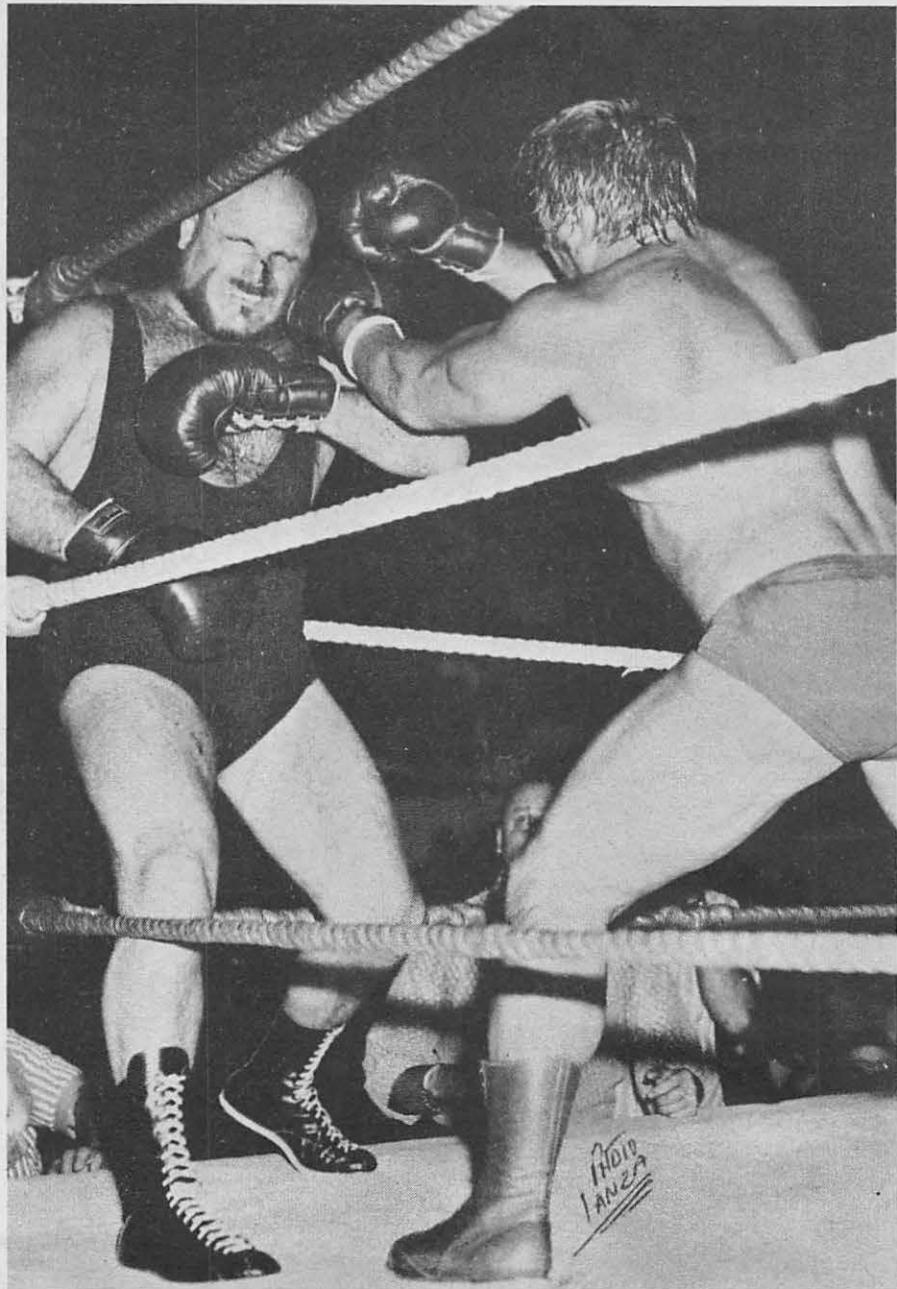
Shortly before the bout, word about Carpentier being the nephew of one of the two greatest French boxers of all-time (Marcel Cerdan was the other) leaked out to the Vachons. But it didn't bother the confident Mad Dog.

"So what," Vachon insisted. "I had an uncle who was a dentist. That doesn't mean I can pull teeth. His uncle can't do the fighting for him. When I finish with him Edouard will be dead-ouard!"

For three weeks Carpentier rose at six o'clock every morning to run three miles. Each day he sparred in the gymnasium, watched films of great fights and practiced, practiced, practiced. On the heavy punching bag in the gym he pinned a large picture of Mad Dog Vachon.

"It reminds me of what I have to do," Carpentier said. "Whenever I get tired and don't feel like training anymore, I look at that picture and I'm ready to go again."

Mad Dog, meanwhile, seemed to be doing most of his training with



Blood flows like red wine from Mad Dog's nose as Carpentier has him trapped against the ropes in the corner. Note how Vachon's knees are beginning to buckle. But Edouard didn't knock him out here. He eased up, preferring to torture his opponent for a few more rounds.

his mouth. He claimed to have had secret sparring sessions with brother Butcher—but Butcher wasn't a boxer. So even if he was having secret training sessions he couldn't have been learning an awful lot.

The Auditorium was packed by fight time. Mad Dog, dancing in his corner, stuck out his hands so that Butcher could lace up his gloves. Carpentier, knowing the Vachons' love of trickery, wasn't taking any chances. Helping him in his corner was Yvon Robert Jr., son of the late, great Yvon Robert Sr.

But Carpentier didn't need Robert—or anyone else for that matter.

Mad Dog came to fight—not to wrestle. And if determination had been an indicator, the bearded one would have done all right. Fires of hatred burned in his eyes. But he proved to be a better wrestler than boxer.

Carpentier started quickly, jabbing the heavier, slower-moving Vachon in the face. Mad Dog, who had absolutely no idea of boxing's finer points, sent wild lunges in Edouard's general direction. But Carpentier easily side-stepped them all.

Jab. Jab. Jab. Carpentier looked like Muhammad Ali as he jabbed

(Continued on page 58)

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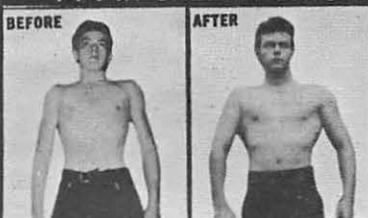
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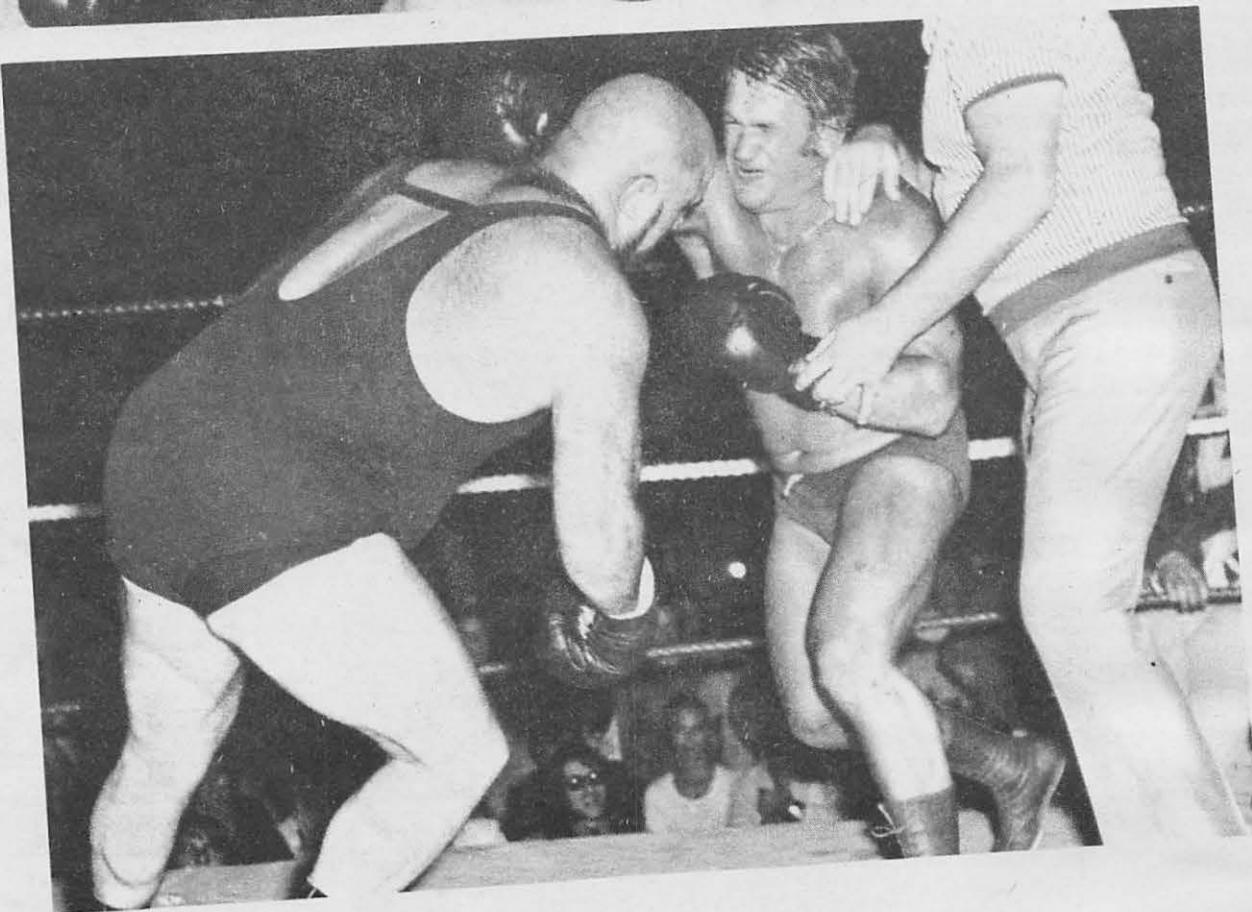
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THE BIGGEST MISTAKE MAD DOG VACHON EVER MADE—

(Continued from Page 56)



Carpentier brings a long left up from somewhere around his knees (left), but Mad Dog was able to block it. When he did, however, it left him wide open for this right (below), which sends him on his way to the canvas. Referee Bob Cleroux, one-time Canadian heavyweight champion, stands next to Mad Dog counting him out (right). Vachon struggled to get up but couldn't, and was flat on his back at the count of 10.



Mad Dog silly while getting out of the way of those roundhouse rights and lefts. Occasionally, Carpentier would lean back and throw a hard right or left hook, and more often than not, they landed.

By the end of the third round, Carpentier's jabs had taken their toll. Vachon's face was a bloody mask; crimson dripped from cuts above both eyes and around his mouth. His nose appeared to be broken, too.

"Do you want me to stop it?" ref-

eree Cleroux asked Butcher.

"No," he replied. "That bum can't keep up the pace. My brother will catch up to him soon."

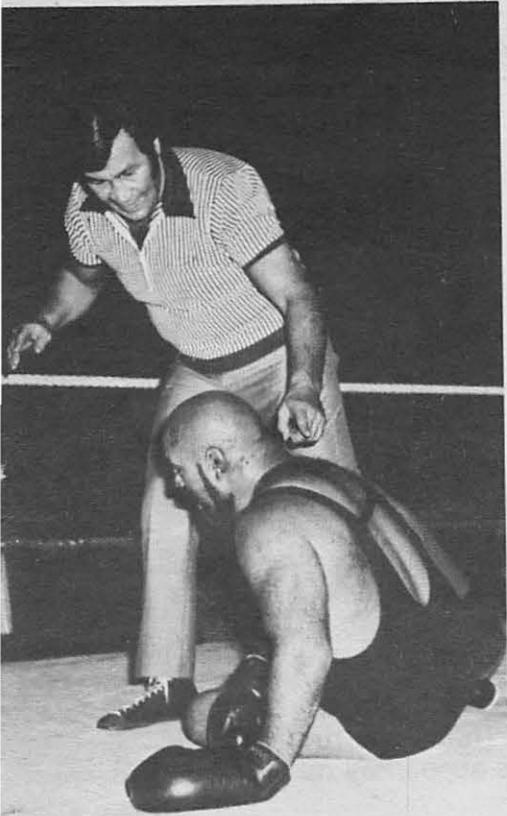
"He won't quit," Cleroux told Carpentier. "Why don't you try for a knockout this round? He looks like he's ready to go."

"No!" Edouard roared at the referee. "I've been waiting for this for too long. I'm going to punish him for a few rounds first. *Then* I'm going to knock him out!"

By the time the sixth round start-

ed, Vachon looked like he'd been through a meat grinder. He knew now that Carpentier was torturing him—hitting him just hard enough to make him bleed but not hard enough to knock him out. It enraged him all the more.

"This is the round," the Frenchman said to Yvon Robert Jr. as he danced out for the sixth. Muhammad Ali never made a better prediction. Edouard hammered Vachon into a corner and drove booming rights and lefts into Mad Dog until he fell



like an oak tree in a hurricane.

"Six... seven... eight..."

Bob Cleroux counted as Vachon struggled to get up. He rose to a sitting position—propping himself up with one hand—but quickly fell back down. He was out. Flat on his back!

"Nine... ten and out! The winner by a knockout in the sixth round—Edouard Carpentier!"

The fans went wild as Carpentier held his hands high in victory. The sight was too much for Butcher to take. Leaving his brother stretched out on the floor, he raced across the ring at Carpentier while the winner's back was turned.

He never reached him. Robert, whose back wasn't turned, saw Vachon coming—and he met him with as solid a right cross to the mouth as Carpentier had landed on Mad Dog earlier.

"Today I am a happy man," said the nephew of one of boxing's all-time greats. "I punished Mad Dog like I was never able to do when I wrestled him. You know, I just thought of something very funny: if we wrestle again, I wonder if he'll try to slug me like he usually does?"

Somehow, Edouard, we doubt it. You taught him a lesson which even a monster like Mad Dog Vachon will never forget. □

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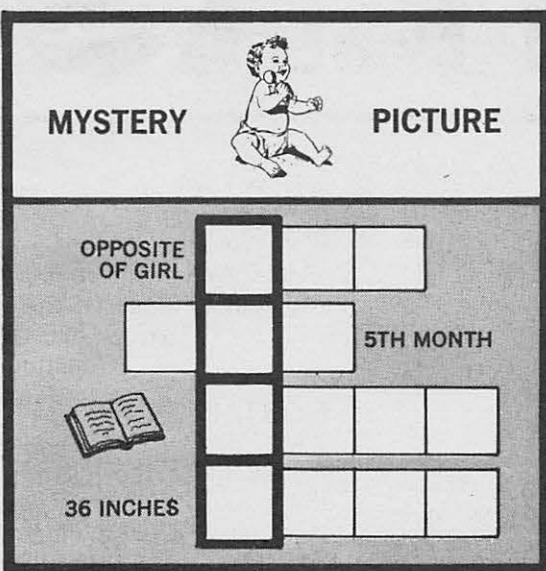
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DIRECTIONS

Try to solve this interesting word puzzle by filling in the squares with the correct words defined by the picture or word clues. The letters in the large squares should spell out what is in the mystery picture.

IMPORTANT: This form is your Official Entry Blank. Please return it to American Holiday Assn., 8831 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90069.

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834

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1. Try to solve the interesting word and picture puzzle and name what is in the mystery picture by filling in empty spaces with words that correctly identify the clues noted at the right or left of each line (see example puzzle). The letters in the large squares will spell out what is in the mystery picture.
2. This free Money In the Bank Contest Puzzle will be scored in this fashion: 10 points for naming what is in the mystery picture; 2 points for each word or object correctly identified. All the words you use must appear in the 75c New Merriam-Webster Pocket Dictionary. Winners will be chosen on a point basis: Highest score wins First Prize; 2nd highest score wins 2nd Prize, etc.
3. In case of ties, which are expected, all tied contestants will be required to solve additional and more challenging word-building, letter-value free tiebreaker puzzles, each with its own scoring rules and solutions. Point scores of all winning Tiebreaker Puzzles will be verified by a firm of Certified Public Accountants. No less than five days will be allowed for solving each free tiebreaker puzzle. No more than three of these free tiebreaker puzzles should be necessary, and no more than four will be required under any circumstances. Should any contestants remain tied for any prize after completion of four tiebreaker puzzles, duplicate prizes will be awarded in that category.
4. No entrance fee to this contest is required. One prize per household. All entries become the property of the sponsor. Contest sponsors, their advertising agencies and the immediate families of either are not eligible. Contestants, or members of their households, in any American Holiday Association Contests who have prior hereto singly or cumulatively won \$500.00 or more at the time this contest is paid, are not eligible to win prizes in this contest. Persons under the age of 18 years are not permitted to enter this contest. Contest limited to residents of the U.S.A.
5. This completed Money In the Bank Contest puzzle must be returned to us by March 31, 1972, and all prizes are scheduled to be paid about July, 1972.
6. Contestants agree to above rules. The sponsor retains the right and power to make such further rules and regulations as in his discretion are necessary for the proper function of the contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants. Contestants agree to be bound by all such additional rules and regulations. Contest subject to all such additional rules and regulations. Not responsible for lost, stolen or delayed mail. A full list of winners and the winning solution will be sent to all contestants after prizes have been awarded, if requested.

YOUR

LETTERS

SOMEBODY LOVES YOU, JOHN . . .

The story in the November issue of *THE WRESTLER* entitled "John Tolos Needs Love" left me crying. I have never seen Mr. Tolos and have never met him. However, I would like you to let Mr. Tolos know that he has my love. You see, I know how he feels. I too need love. I need it from the one person I could never get it from—my father. Don't feel too bad, Mr. Tolos. I love you. And I want you to know somebody cares.

BARBARA LAWRENCE
West Covina, California

. . . BUT NOT EVERYBODY

I just want to say that Dr. Manfred E. Wilson was dead wrong when he said that John Tolos needs love. What John Tolos needs is a straitjacket! I've seen him wrestle dozens of times and I'm convinced he's sick in the head. He's a maniac. Something has to be done before he kills someone!

STEVEN WEBSTER
Stockton, California

THIS LAD DIGS LADD

I'd like to see a story on the greatest wrestler in the world—Ernie Ladd. Given the chance, he'd slaughter Funk, Morales or old man Gagne. I'm sure Ernie will be the next heavyweight champion. How about giving him the exclusive *INSIDE WRESTLING/THE WRESTLER* treatment?

CURTIS BENDER
Robbins, Illinois

DESTROY THE DESTROYER!

You know why no one has ever defeated the Destroyer? I'll tell you why. The Destroyer has never



Fans are still undecided about John Tolos. One says he needs love while another writer is suggesting a straitjacket.

accepted matches with anyone he knows could beat him. He's dodged Bobby Shane, Bull Ramos and other superb athletes. I think the Destroyer is a scared chicken!

ROBERT DANIEL
Chicago, Illinois

MORE CHAMPIONSHIP CONFUSION

In a recent issue of *THE WRESTLER*, Mr. C. Ortez of Tampa asked how Pedro Morales could be world champion if he never defeated Dory Funk Jr., and I'd like to set him straight. I too am a great fan of Funk, but he's not the only world champion. There are three separate wrestling organizations—the N.W.A., the A.W.A. and the W.W.W.A. Each has its own champion. The N.W.A. champion

is Dory Funk Jr., the A.W.A. champion is Verne Gagne and the W.W.W.A. champion is Pedro Morales. They are all great champions and they all deserve the title.

CHRISTINE COPELAN
Alachua, Florida

NOSTALGIA NUT

Thanks for the journey back to the good old days in your story "Nostalgia Craze Hits Madison Square Garden" (*INSIDE WRESTLING/DEC. '71*). I was there that night and it was a kick to boo the hell out of Eddie Graham and the Kangaroos—just like I did 10 years ago. Let's have more on the old-time wrestlers.

MAC TOLLIVER
Brooklyn, New York

BOBBY MUST BE BANANAS

You asked "Has Bobby Shane Gone Bananas?" (*INSIDE WRESTLING/DEC. '71*). I think he MUST have gone bananas. Anybody who would give up beautiful Miss Sherri for that ridiculous Court Jester has to be off his rocker. Also, I wouldn't believe anything the Garvins said—under any circumstances!

MIKE CASEY
Birmingham, Alabama

WE'LL MISS HIM, TOO

I just wanted to let you know how deeply shocked I was to learn of the tragic death of Alberto Torres (*INSIDE WRESTLING/DEC. '71*). I've seen him wrestle often and had the opportunity to meet him. He was a warm, friendly person who didn't have an enemy in the world. His death is a real loss to wrestling fans everywhere and I'll miss him.

PEGGY RAMIREZ
El Paso, Texas

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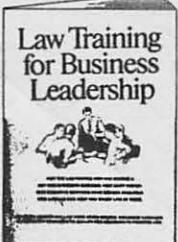


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DOES ANYBODY WANT TO MARRY IGOR?

(Continued from Page 15)

Igor reads about his favorite wrestler (himself) in his favorite magazine THE WRESTLER. When he's not reading or wrestling, Igor's favorite hobby is girls and food.

"Igor wrestles five or six nights a week and wherever he goes he meets new girls," Ivan said. "He falls in love with five girls a week. But because of his traveling, he rarely gets to see the same girls too often. I'm just hoping that he gets attached to one girl and they don't want me around. That would be wonderful!"

Igor often tries to date the girls who come to watch him wrestle. He doesn't see any reason not to.

"If a girl comes to see me wrestle, I don't see why I shouldn't date her if I want to," he said. But then he paused to scratch his head. "They do turn me down a lot though. Sometimes they look at me as though I were a nut. Maybe it's the way I dress, huh?"

Maybe it is the way you dress, Igor.

Igor dresses different from anyone you've ever seen. On his head invariably sits a Polish workman's cap. He wears a bright red and yellow shirt that covers him to the waist. And to top it off, he's got the wildest pair of trunks ever. It looks like he simply tore a pair of pants in half and wore the top half!

"Maybe it does look kind of strange," he admitted. "But I really love wild-colored clothes." A big grin crossed his face and he put his index finger up to his temple to show us he had an idea. "I'd like to have a wrestler's fashion show one night. It could be a contest. I'm sure I'd win the award for the hippest-dressed wrestler in the world. Clothes really turn me on!"

Some fans don't exactly agree with Igor's description of himself as "hip."

"Him? Hip? You're kidding!" insisted one Toronto miss. "He looks like he scavenged his clothes out of a city dump. But he is cute in a cuddly kind of way. He isn't, however, what you'd call hip."

Igor gets turned on by girls—but do girls get turned on by Igor?



"I think he's the sexiest man in the world," said one 25-year-old blushing blonde. "Every time I see Igor I just want to reach out and rub his cute belly!"

"You ought to have your eyes checked," laughed another young lady who said she was 22. "He's fat, the beard makes him look like an ape and he always walks around with that dumb smile on his face. He's about as sexy as a head of lettuce!"

"I think he's sort of cute, you know, in a weird sort of way," added a third young lady. "He's so innocent and he has a baby face. He looks like he'd never hurt anybody. But he is too fat and too short and not at all sexy. I like him—but I wouldn't want to marry him."

And that, friends, is Kalmikoff's problem.

"Everybody loves him," Ivan says sorrowfully, "but nobody wants to marry him. Sooner or later it has got to happen. He'll meet a nice girl who speaks Polish and I hope, I pray, she'll fall in love with him. I don't mind being a manager. I enjoy it. But I just wasn't cut out to be a chaperone!"

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Here's how the "sexi-waist" plan "communicates its power..."

1. SEXI-WAIST SAUNA-SLIMMER
Just slip into the Sexi-Sauna Slimmer as you would any ordinary shorts—and instantly it traps your body heat, creating a Sauna-like warmth which helps loosen your fat molecules, melt away fat-promoting fluids, and warms up your entire sexual zone (takes only a few minutes). It helps make your muscles more supple and flexible and builds up "Concentrated Power" to get them ready for . . .



2. SEXI-WAIST SLIMMER-WHEEL
Now you use this incredible little wheel to help roll the fat away. Just 5 minutes of "Concentrated Power" exercises with the wheel's simple 2-way action pulls in, tones, "powerizes" your abdominal muscles—and carves out a muscular, manlier waist, besides giving your whole pelvic area more stamina, more go-power!



sexi-waist

—The Beautiful Waist Prescription For the Troubled Gut!

Now you relax. Go about your routine; watch TV, work around the house, etc.—while still wearing the Sauna Slimmer! No matter what you're doing, the SEXI-WAIST Plan keeps working for you, doing its slimming work—silently, comfortably and with no further effort on your part! The Sauna Slimmer doesn't show... only the inches that go! After you've done this simple SEXI-WAIST routine for a few weeks, women will notice your new "sexy waist" because it will be healthy and youthful-looking, firm and "virile-to-the-touch". Your Waist Couldn't Ask For More!



For a

"sexi-waist"
mail coupon now!

JOE WEIDER, Dept. 209-22SW1
25 Maple Street
Norwood, N.J. 07648

Dear Joe: I want to "sexualize" my waist and make it trim, muscular and more virile looking—send me your SEXI-WAIST Plan right away—which includes the Sauna-Slimmer and Slimmer Wheel. I'm enclosing \$21.96 as payment in full.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Canadian orders filled in Canada—no duty to pay.



An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman In America Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dry-

ness of your hair, the itchiness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — these are Nature's Red Flags warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its

keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

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21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L.H.M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin." —D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula." —Mrs. R. LeB., Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair." —C.E.H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it." —Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick." —F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much." —Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different tonics. But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker." —G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling." —R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it." —L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write it." —Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

COMATE CORPORATION Dept. 3302A
21 West 44th Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

Enclosed find \$10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

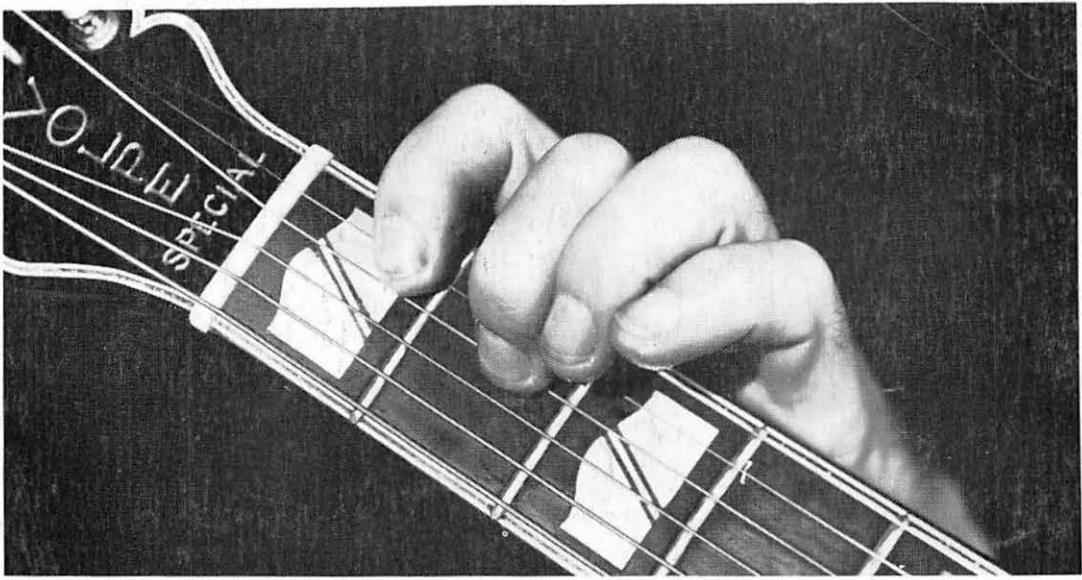
Send C.O.D. Enclosed is \$1 deposit. I will pay postman \$9 plus about \$1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the \$1.50 by enclosing \$10. Canada, Foreign, APO, FPO, add \$1 -- No C.O.D.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!



Let us show you how to play the guitar

(or any of nine other popular musical instruments)

Yearn to play music? We'll teach you with lessons we send you by mail — for far less than the \$4 to \$10 an hour a private instructor might charge you.

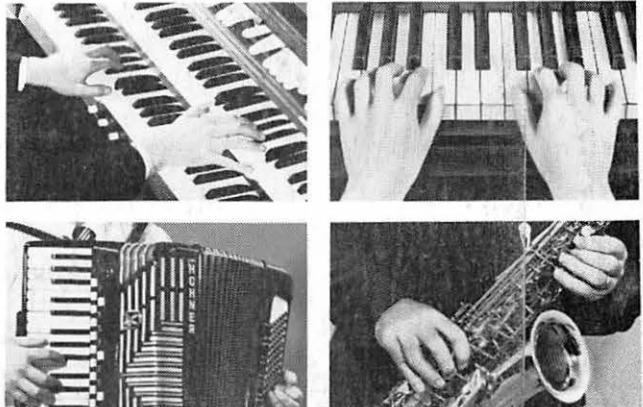
The same things a private instructor would show you in person, we show you with words and pictures (see sample above). And like a good private teacher, we teach you to play the right way — by note, from regular sheet music.

How do you know you're doing things correctly? Easy. A lot of the tunes you'll practice first are simple songs you've heard many times. Since you already know how they're supposed to sound, you can tell immediately when you've "got them right."

By the time you go on to more advanced pieces, you'll be able to tell if your notes and timing are right, even without being familiar with the songs. Sooner than you may think, you'll be able to play whatever kind of music you like. Popular. Classical. Folk music. Dance songs. Hymns.

You learn at your own pace. And the cost is low. Tuition for the entire course comes to just pennies a day.

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I'm interested in learning to play the instrument checked below. Please send me, FREE, your illustrated booklet, *Be Your Own Music Teacher* and a free "Piano Note-Finder." I am under no obligation. Check the instrument you would like to play: (check only one)

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Organ-pipe, electronic, reed | <input type="checkbox"/> Violin | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet |
| | | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele |

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